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Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Melford,

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD," &c.

George Fife Angus,

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER AND COLONIAL LEGISLATOR.

THE old Nonconformist family of Angus has contributed to the roll of Northumbrian worthies several notable persons. They have not been senators, generals, or judges, nor have they borne courtly titles or received academic honours. These were distinctions to which Dissenters could not, until recently, aspire. But they have been, for the most part, earnest and thoughtful men, living a godly, righteous, and sober life, prolonging thereby their days in the land, and keeping unbroken the faith of their ancestors amid the temptations and distractions of their time. In the voluminous pages of local history the name of Angus is associated with many acts of unobtrusive benevolence and piety; it is never seen stained by dishonour, nor tainted with crime.

The Northumbrian Anguses trace their settlement in the county to a fugitive dissenter from Scotland. He is supposed to have fled hither with Archibald, 9th Earl of Angus, in 1584, and to have established himself "about twenty miles west of Newcastle, near the river Tyne." A few years later one George Angus is found living at the Rawhouse, a farmhold a few miles south-east of Hexham, and the presumption is that he was a son, or grandson, of the fugitive Scotsman. Be that as it may, the descent of the Anguses from George of the Rawhouse is clearly traceable. With the aid of the chart, and occasional help from Douglas's "History of the Baptist Churches in the North of England," it is not difficult

to follow the family through all its ramifications and intricate intermarriages.

George Angus, of the Rawhouse, had three sons:—Henry, of the same place, who attended the preaching of Mr. Tillam, of Hexham (the first Baptist minister in the North of England), and was baptised in 1653; William, apprenticed to Cuthbert Thompson, of Newcastle, skinner; and George, who served his apprenticeship with his brother William. William died without issue. Henry, of the Rawhouse, and George, of Newcastle, became the progenitors, on this side of the Tweed, of the wide-spreading Angus race.

Henry's sons were William, John, and Titus. William Angus (styled of Hindley) married as his second wife Lydia, daughter of Henry Blackett, of Bitchburn, a famous Baptist preacher. John, who lived with his father at the Rawhouse, was united to Abigail Hall, of Monkland. She was a woman of energy and resource. Of her it is related that, when certain persecutors came to apprehend her husband, she so ably vindicated him and his dissent that Sir R. Fenwick, the leader, turned away, saying, "Thou art a clever hussy, it is a pity thou should'st be a fanatic." One of their sons—Jonathan, of Panshields—inherited his mother's spirit. He was deacon of the Baptist church at Hamsterley and Rowley for fifty years, and, when the rebellion of 1715 broke out he stood alone among the Derwentwater tenantry in refusing to join the rebel army. Henry's other son, Titus (of High Juniper House, fuller and farmer), was no less staunch to his principles. He opened his house as a licensed place of worship for the scattered Baptists of his neighbourhood.

and gave them and their pastors at all times a hospitable reception. The sons of George, the skinner, of Newcastle (John Angus of Styford and Thomas Angus of the same place), were also of the same faith, and assisted to diffuse a knowledge of it in villages round about.

John Angus, of Dotland, one of the sons of William Angus, of Hindley, adopted the spelling "Angas," and his descendants, and the descendants of his brother, Silas Angus, of Redbarns, followed his example. Caleb Angas, son of John of Dotland, having studied the art, craft, and mystery of coach and carriage building in London, established himself in business in Newcastle in the year 1780. He made a happy stroke at the very beginning by sending out a light phaeton—a vehicle that had not been seen before, and it caught the public eye, and became fashionable at a bound. Being a man of enterprise and resource, he made good use of the means which this lucky hit brought to him. He began to import wood for his own use, instead of buying of the raff merchants; he became the owner of ships, and employed them in bringing timber from the ends of the earth to the coach factory. When he died (May 14, 1831) at the age of eighty-nine, he left behind him a fine business and a wide-spreading connection—all of his own gathering.

Caleb Angas had five sons—Caleb, Joseph, John Lindsay, William Henry, "the sailor missionary," and George Fife, "the merchant prince."

George Fife Angas was born in Newcastle on May Day, 1789, and was brought up to his father's business,



and in his father's religious faith. He came into the world at a time of upheaval in matters of education. Robert Raikes's Sunday School system was taking hold of the public mind, and the schemes of Joseph Lan-

caster and Dr. Bell were in process of development. Young Angas threw himself with ardour into Sunday School work, and, with associates of like aims and sympathies, scoured the country side, establishing, and helping to maintain, Sunday teaching among the towns and villages for many miles round Newcastle. At Whitsuntide, 1816, there was established, with George Fife Angas and J. B. Falconar as secretaries, "The Sunday School Union of Newcastle-upon-Tyne."

To a young man whose intellectual forces were backed by physical energy and sustained by lofty impulse, the humdrum life of a coach-builder afforded no adequate scope. His father had put money into shipping; his brother, William Henry, was a sea captain; his other brothers, Joseph and Caleb, had been out to strange countries with goods to sell or exchange for foreign commodities. To a mercantile life, therefore, he turned his thoughts. Experience in the coach-building trade had given him a knowledge of timber, and he became a Honduras merchant and shipowner.

In 1824, Mr. Angas removed to London, and extended largely the business which he had conducted in Newcastle. He went into extensive speculations in the produce of New Holland, as it was then called, and became interested in the formation of the colony of South Australia. So successful were his undertakings, that when the Government of that day required a certain amount of land to be taken up before they would consent to establish the colony, he came forward with a guarantee of £50,000, and materially helped to obtain their approval. In 1834, an Act was passed which founded the colony, and in 1836 it was formally inaugurated. A commission was appointed to promote emigration and manage the sale of land, and Mr. Angas was selected to be one of the commissioners. Other schemes of enterprise and utility followed. He assisted to create the Union Bank of Australia, the Bank of South Australia, and the National Provincial Bank of England, and was chairman of the London Directors of those establishments until, in 1850, he went out to the colony to settle upon the extensive property he had acquired there. In his new home his abilities marked him out for fresh honours. The colonists conferred upon him various public offices, and the following year, when they were entrusted with parliamentary powers, they elected him to their Upper House, and he became the Hon. G. F. Angas, member of the Legislative Council of the colony of South Australia.

During all this time, amidst the absorbing occupations of his life, Mr. Angas never forgot his native town and its needs. He retained his connection with it by accepting the office of vice-president, and on the death of Mr. Charles Newby Wawn, that of president, of the Sunday School Union. While he remained in London he occasionally came down to the meetings,

and at all times assisted by liberal gifts. And when he returned to England in 1858, for a short visit, one of the first places to which he turned was Newcastle. On the 29th June, in that year, he gave a soiree to his Sunday School friends in the lecture hall of Blackett Street Chapel. Those who saw him on that occasion for the first time retain a pleasing recollection of a venerable man of dignified bearing, whose face was the unmistakeable index of a generous heart. A day or two afterwards, in the vestry of New Court Baptist Chapel, he received an address of congratulation, accompanied by a piece of plate, a copy of "The Bible of Every Land," and "Collard's Views in Newcastle," "in testimony of his unwearied exertions in promoting the social, intellectual, and religious interests of the rising generation in connection with the Sunday School Union of Newcastle-upon-Tyne."

Tyneside saw Mr. Angas no more. He was anxious to attend the Jubilee Demonstration of the Union in 1866, but failing health and advanced age prevented him from undertaking the voyage. He was then seventy-seven years old; but, like many of his race, he had lived soberly and discreetly, and, like theirs, his days were prolonged beyond the usual span of human existence. During his prime he had amassed a great fortune—half-a-million sterling—and he spent his retirement in judiciously distributing some of his wealth among schemes of practical benevolence and discriminating charity. He was a most liberal giver; while he filled the hungry with good things, he did not send the rich empty away. The sunset of his life was a prolonged calm, through which no cloud of sorrow rolled. It was not until the 15th May, 1879, when he had entered his ninety-first year, that the colony of South Australia mourned the death of its great pioneer, and Newcastle lost one of the noblest of its gifted sons.

Henry Angas,

THE FIRST BAPTIST MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE.

Henry Angas came of the Hindley stock. His father, George, lived all his days at Hindley Farmhouse, as did his grandfather Jonathan, and his great grandfather William, son of Henry of the Rawhouse, and husband of Lydia Blackett. He was born at Hindley in the year 1800, and in due time was bound apprentice to his relative Caleb Angas, the coachbuilder, in Newcastle. When Caleb retired from business, the establishment was carried on for a time by his sons, John Lindsay and George Fife; but George Fife was immersed in Australian business, and John Lindsay did not care to carry it on by himself, so that in the course of a few years it passed into the hands of Henry Angas, who was joined in partnership by Edward Wilkinson. At Mr. Wilkinson's death, Henry Angas became sole proprietor. In

1851 the electors of St. John's Ward elected him to represent them in the Town Council.

As may be supposed from his early training at Hindley farm, where Baptist services had been held for the better part of a hundred and fifty years, the new councillor for St. John's was a member of the church worshipping on the Tuthill Stairs, and an earnest worker in the various



MR HENRY ANGUS

agencies that were centred there. Yet, though a dissenter of dissenters, he was no bigot. Firm in the defence of his own principles, he was tolerant and kind to those who held other views and walked in different ways. His genial manners and generous disposition helped to popularise Nonconformity at a time when it was still not considered improper to sneer at dissenters, to mock their methods, and to decry their works. No doubt he had his faults and failings, but his simple and unostentatious life disarmed criticism, and robbed satire of its sting.

During the early years of his municipal career Mr. Angas seldom obtruded himself upon public attention. He was a useful committee-man, and a diligent attender at Council meetings, but he did not often waste time in making formal speeches. He carried a motion which removed the hirings for servants from the exposure of the Haymarket to the shelter of the Corn Exchange, and was the means of stopping Sunday trading in the Butcher Market. Once he induced the Council to petition Parliament for the abolition of Church rates; a second attempt failed, but years afterwards, when Church rates no longer existed, his tolerance led him to propose a voluntary rate for the repairs of St. Nicholas' steeple, and, though hotly opposed, he pro-

cured its adoption. His votes were invariably given in favour of sanitary improvement and financial reform.

When he had sat in the Council uninterruptedly for fourteen years, on the 9th November, 1865, he was appointed Sheriff of Newcastle. Although, as he himself remarked, the office was foreign to the usual line of his life, he filled it with credit to himself and the town. It was a remarkable example of the progress of civil and religious liberty that was exhibited in Newcastle when he appeared on the Bench at the Summer Assizes of 1866. The seat of justice on that occasion was occupied by a Baptist judge and a Baptist sheriff, and on Assize Sunday the judge worshipped with the congregation of which the sheriff was deacon.

After a year's interval, Mr. Angus was elected to the Mayoralty. The principal event of his year was the lamentable disaster on the Town Moor, which deprived Newcastle of its sheriff and town surveyor. His chief official appearances were at the foundation ceremony of the Northern Counties Orphan Asylum, the inauguration of the Mechanics' Institute in New Bridge Street, the establishment of the Wellesley Training Ship, the re-opening of the Central Exchange News-room, and the celebration of the centenary of St. Ann's Church. In his sermon at this last-named ceremony, Vicar Moody made a generous reference to the presence of the Nonconforming mayor. "The Mayor and members of the Corporation," he said, "are not by law required to be members of the Church of England. The presence of the chief magistrate of one of the most important boroughs in the country—a gentleman who holds the Bible to be the great means of human happiness and man's salvation—will show to the world that it is not from official ceremony that he has this day become a fellow worshipper with us; it is not only because he wishes, as far as possible, to imitate the noble example of his Christian predecessors in office, but it shows to the world that, although the members of the Corporation have ceased to be Churchmen by law, they do not cease to be Christians in character."

After his mayoralty ended, Mr. Angus's age and infirmities prevented him from taking an active part in public life. On the 23rd of April, 1872, he died, and on the 26th he was interred in the Nonconformist cemetery at the top of Westgate Hill which his relatives had helped to establish, and in which one of them was the first person buried.

Jonathan Angus,

ALDERMAN, MAGISTRATE, AND MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE.

Jonathan Angus, Alderman, Justice of the Peace, and twice Mayor of Newcastle, was born in 1811 at Broomley, where his father, John Angus, grandson of William of Hindley, was a noted agriculturist and breeder of short-horn cattle. He came to Newcastle to learn the business of a woollen draper, and served his apprenticeship with

Messrs. Ralph Wilson and Co., who carried on an extensive trade as tailors and cloth merchants in Dean Street. In 1837 an opportunity arose for his entering into business on his own account, and in conjunction with Mr. Thomas Wilson he opened one of the first of the new shops which Mr. Grainger had completed in the great thoroughfare of Grey Street. Mr. Wilson was sent into the Town Council by the electors of South St. Andrews in 1852; Mr. Angus by the electors of Westgate in 1858.

The municipal elections of 1858 were marked by more than the average show of public spirit. Four of the eight wards into which the town was divided were contested. Mr. Angus was brought out in opposition to Mr. William Dunn, a member of the ancient Catholic family of that name, long connected with the administration of affairs in Newcastle. By one of those lateral incidents which occasionally arise at election time, and divert attention from main issues, the contest in Westgate Ward became sensational. A scurrilous article in a local newspaper, accusing the Viscount de Maricourt, French Consul, of canvassing for Mr. Dunn, followed by a violent encounter between the editor and the consul's son armed



ALD. JONATHAN ANGUS.

with a pistol, set the town ablaze. The electors of Westgate went to the poll in greater numbers than had ever been known, and Mr. Angus was returned by a considerable majority.


Like his relative and fellow councillor, Henry Angus, the new representative for Westgate did not for some time take any active part in the public debates of the Council. He became a useful member of the Watch, the Schools and Charities, and the Gaol Committees, was a regular and attentive listener to the proceedings of the general body, but contented himself with giving silent votes. On the death of Mr. J. B. Falconar, in 1875, he was elected chairman of the Schools and Charities Committee, and from that time to his decease he was a frequent, though not a copious speaker.

He had the rare gift of knowing when to speak, and the rarer gift of knowing when to keep silence. Whenever he uttered an opinion it was sure to be of practical value, and to be expressed in plain phrase. A few months before his election to the presidency of the Schools and Charities Committee, he had been appointed a justice of the peace for the borough—the first of his family to receive that honour, for the mayoralty, which Henry Angus had occupied, does not qualify for the magistracy beyond the term of office and the year after.

When it became known that the year 1881 would be what is called a "heavy" municipal year it was considered essential that a "strong" man should be elected Mayor, and Mr. Angus was unanimously chosen. The public duties which he had to discharge were onerous. First came the quinquennial survey of the river, then the celebration of the centenary of George Stephenson's birth, and finally the sittings of the Church Congress in Newcastle. In all these undertakings the energy, the tact, and the ability of the Mayor were the theme of general admiration. So well had he succeeded that there was a universal desire to see him continue in the chair for another term. To secure that result the Council took an unusual course. Forty-five out of the sixty-four members composing it signed a requisition asking him to remain in office. He agreed, and then another unusual course was adopted. It was determined to preserve the remembrance of his mayoralty by hanging his portrait in the Council Chamber—an honour conferred upon only two out of more than three hundred Mayors of Newcastle his predecessors.

For a couple of years after his second term of office Mr. Angus attended to his duties as an alderman and magistrate. Then the infirmities of age began to tell upon him; his useful and blameless life was drawing to a close. One of his last public acts was the laying of the foundation stone of the Baptist Church in Westgate Road. That was in May, 1885, and on the 23rd November following he died.

"The Poind and his Man."

 HIS name applies to two upright stones on Sandyford Moor, about half a mile east of the farmhouse of East Shaftoe. The dimensions of the eastern face of the larger monolith are:—Height above the ground, 6 feet; width at the widest part (2 feet from the top), 4 feet 9 inches; width at base, 2 feet. The smaller stone, or "Man," is of insignificant size. These two rude stone monuments possibly form a portion of what was at one time nearly a complete circle of stones round a large tumulus close to which they are. This tumulus is 15 feet N.E. of the "Poind." It is nearly circular, and 65 yards

in circumference at the base, and 32 yards at the top. It has, at some not very distant date, been partially, but unsystematically, explored. The Roman Eastern Watling Street, known locally as the Devil's, or Cobb's, Causeway, runs within 40 yards to the west of the tumulus; and is here, perhaps, to be seen in greater perfection than elsewhere in its entire course. Its size and contour, with the attendant side ditches, are well displayed, and its mode of construction may be seen, after crossing the Bolam West House road, in a field ditch. The Poind and his Man are also known as "The Mare and Foal." These lithic monuments are a not unusual concomitant to pre-historic burials. Sometimes they are developed into a circle, seldom or never complete; sometimes they are in the form of double or single alignments of stones, and occasionally they are buried under the tumulus with which they are invariably associated.

R. C. H., Cheviott, Corbridge.

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Three centuries ago the Northern Counties and the Borders were kept in a continual state of dread from the invasions of robbers and cattle-lifters. Constant watch had to be kept, so that alarm might be given of the incursions of these marauders. According to Hodgson, Lord Wharton's "order of the watches" upon the middle marches directs "the watch to be kept at the two stones called the 'Poind and his Man,' with two men nightly, of the inhabitants of Bollame." The ground the stones occupied has a prospect every way, except to the west, over a great extent of country. Mr. Hodgson suggests that the original name of these monuments was the Poind and its Men, from the pound-like form of the borrow, and that the name was afterwards transferred to the two stones only. Our pound, or pind-fold, has its name from *pyndan*, to shut up or enclose.


W. W., Newcastle.

* * *

When Mr. Hodgson wrote, there was only one stone; the other had been missing for several years. In the pleasure-grounds at Wallington, near one of the ponds, there is a large upright stone which is supposed to be the missing stone, removed to Wallington by Sir Walter Blackett.

WM. DODD, Newcastle.

"Master Humphrey's Clock."

 HE origin of the title of the "Master Humphrey's Clock Club" is not generally known, and as the associations which Charles Dickens sought to keep in mind by his adoption of the title were of so pleasant a character, the following account, gathered from "Master Humphreys" himself, may prove interesting.

Thomas Humphreys was apprenticed as a watch and clockmaker with Mr. Thwaites, Barnard Castle, in

1806; in 1812 he engaged himself to the well-known clockmaker, Mr. John Bolton, Chester-le-Street, with whom he continued for three years; in 1815 he commenced business on his own account as a clockmaker at Barnard Castle, in a roomy shop in the Market Place. The *Spectator* of August, 1876, gives the following interesting account of the well-known premises:—"Near this inn [the old Burns Head] is a watchmaker's shop with the name of Humphreys; and just opposite to it is the King's Head Inn, where Dickens spent six weeks while studying the Dotheboys Hall part of 'Nicholas Nickleby.' He from his sitting-room window daily looked on this tiny shop over the way, and the name of 'Humphreys, clockmaker,' fixed itself so fast in his mind that he gave it to the clockmaker in his next story, and wrote to tell 'Master Humphreys' of Barnard Castle what he had done. With this letter came a copy of 'Nicholas Nickleby' from the author. Are not these things stored up in the archives of the Humphreys family?"

Young William Humphreys (son of the Thomas Humphreys just mentioned) was born at Barnard Castle in 1812, the same year Charles Dickens saw the light, and the latter used to joke "that he was born in March, but that William was an April fool!" Here William began to learn his profession, and ample opportunity had he, for the establishment ere this supplied timekeepers to all the important mansions in North Yorkshire. One of these is now keeping true time in Rokeby Hall, in the vicinity of the never-to-be-forgotten Dotheboys Hall. The lad had good original ideas of his own, and in 1828, when 16 or 17 years of age, he commenced to make the celebrated "Master Humphreys' Clock." This is an interesting-looking, centre-second, pendulum clock, with dead-beat movement. There were previously no centre-second hands made. The arrangements to counteract the effects of variations of temperature in the pendulum were most carefully thought out, and compensating rods of special construction were made, and this without previous example or experience to guide. A magnetised rod went from top to bottom, and there were two side-rods, one brass and one steel, at each side of the present bar; but when the clock was moved to Old Hartlepool, in 1838, the steel rods got so damaged and rusted that they were detached, leaving only the present ordinary hanging-rod. The clock is mounted in an ornamental wooden case, which formerly belonged to a Dutch clock made about the year 1640. William Humphreys purchased this, when the clock movement was completely worn out, from its owner, Mr. Robeler, Tanpits, Barnard Castle, and installed therein the "Master Humphreys' Clock." In 1829 this clock was completed, and placed in the niche on the right hand side of the glass shop-door at Barnard Castle.

In 1835 a law case had drawn the attention of Charles

Dickens to the wretched condition of certain cheap Yorkshire schools: so, in the following year, he arrived with his friend Mr. Hablot K. Browne (Phiz) at the King's Head Inn, Barnard Castle, intent on acquiring full details concerning them for use in his work, "Nicholas Nickleby." His first difficulty was—how to gain an *entré* into these wretched establishments, for introductions were found to be of little service, as his preface to the novel tells us. Old Thomas Humphreys proved a valuable ally in this emergency.

Charles Dickens, in walking from his inn towards the Tees banks, the Abbey Bridge, and Rokeby, used to step into Humphreys's shop on the way thither to learn the correct time by "Master Humphreys' Clock," and thus became acquainted with the clockmaker and his son, Master Humphreys. By-and-by the author found that men of intelligence were constantly to be met sitting inside the spacious front shop in comfortable arm-chairs, and realised what a valuable source of local information was thus open to him. Charles Dickens's visits to the clockmaker's henceforth became part of his daily duty. Thomas Humphreys was evidently a notable person in the town, for among his most regular visitors at the time were the well-known residents—Messrs. Richard Barnes, Richardson, Johnson, Coburg, Newby, &c. At one end of the shop was a miscellaneous collection of toys, various kinds of clocks, philosophical instruments, and relics; it was a veritable "curiosity shop." In the niche on the right hand side of the glass shop door stood the "Master Humphreys' Clock," which could be seen from the outside through the glass door.

Dickens soon mentioned the object of his presence in the district to old Humphreys. The latter knew personally the principal of the school Dickens had determined to portray, so was easily persuaded to introduce Dickens and his friend "Phiz" to Mr. Shaw's establishment, situated in the village of Bowes, near Greta Bridge, Yorkshire, and in the vicinity of Barnard Castle. Arrived at the school, Humphreys introduced his companions as visitors "anxious to look round." Mr. Shaw at once suspected their mission, refused to allow an inspection of the school, and peremptorily showed the trio the door, though not before "Phiz" had made a sketch of the rascally pedagogue on his thumb-nail! Mr. Shaw was exceedingly angry with Thomas Humphreys for endeavouring to introduce the strangers into "Dotheboys Hall," and never forgave him! In 1837 Charles Dickens passed six weeks collecting information for "Nicholas Nickleby" in Barnard Castle, and only once returned to the town afterwards, viz., in 1838, when he stopped four days at his old quarters, the King's Head. In February of the same year, he commenced to write his celebrated novel, and completed it in October, 1839.

Charles Dickens, on his return from his lecturing tour

in America, acknowledged his indebtedness to old Humphreys by sending him an author's copy of the book, accompanied by a letter of thanks, adding that he had determined to perpetuate the acquaintanceship by calling his next work "Master Humphrey's Clock." Dickens wrote of his decision to his friend Forster as follows:—"The final title I have determined on, or something very near it. I have a notion of this old 'file' in the queer house opening the book by an account of himself, and, among other peculiarities, of his affection for an old, quaint, queer-cased clock; showing how, when they have sat alone together in the long evenings, he has got accustomed to its voice, and come to consider it as the voice of a friend; how its striking in the night has seemed like an assurance to him that it was still a cheerful watcher at his chamber door; and how its face seemed to have something of welcome in its dusty features, and to relax from its grimness when he looked at it from his chimney corner. Then I mean to tell how that he has kept his odd manuscripts in the old, dark, deep, silent closet where the weights are, and taken them thence to read (mixing up his enjoyments with some notion of his clock); and how, when the club came to be formed, they, by reason of their punctuality, and his regard for this dumb servant, took their name from it. And thus I shall call the book either 'Old Humphrey's Clock' or 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' beginning with a woodcut of Old Humphrey and his clock, and explaining the why and wherefore. All Humphrey's own papers will be dated from 'My Clock-side.'"

The first weekly number of the serial thus described made its appearance in September, 1840, and the author commenced his endeavour "to present under one general head, and not as separate and distinct publications, certain fictions which he had it in contemplation to write." The papers resemble much, in their genial humour, Addison's old weekly *Spectator*, and were an immediate success. In the fourth number appeared the opening chapter of the "Old Curiosity Shop," to which celebrated story the periodical was thenceforward entirely devoted. "Master Humphrey's Clock" was altogether an imaginative work. The old clock is described as "a quaint old thing in a huge, oaken case, curiously and richly carved," differing from the old Yorkshire clock which Dickens had lived beside for so many weeks in the year 1837. But old feelings are awakened when he tells how "its fame is diffused so extensively throughout the neighbourhood that I have often the satisfaction of hearing the publican or the baker, and sometimes even the parish clerk, petitioning my housekeeper to inform him the exact time by 'Master Humphrey's Clock.'"

That the "Master Humphreys' Clock" herein described is the *original* clock is certified by the Rev. R. C. Rudd, ex-Vicar of Stranton, near West Hartlepool, who assured the writer that he himself remembers the

clock in the old Barnard Castle shop, and the Humphreys, father and son, besides. Other friends also of Mr. Rudd vouched for this—the veritable clock of history. William Humphreys worked with his father at Barnard Castle until 1838—the year *after* Dickens's lengthened visit—when he migrated to Old Hartlepool, and commenced business there as a clockmaker. He took over with him, as his timekeeper, "Master Humphreys' Clock," which he had himself made, and which was his own property. Feeling the want of the old clock, Thomas Humphreys constructed a *new* timekeeper for business purposes, and placed it over his shop-door, where it was fixed in the outside wood cornice, the weights being carried by pullies close against the inside wall. This was in 1840, three years after Charles Dickens had sojourned in the district. It was a keyless clock, and the first so made. The dial is plain and unornamental, and the head case of good oak. The old man, proud of his connection with the great author, and wishing to assist his son William to maintain in the future the identity of "Master Humphreys' Clock," sent over this shop-door clock to him at Hartlepool, with the following letter:—

Barnard Castle, September, 1857.

Dear Son,—I sent you the door-clock on Saturday. I hope you will have got it by the time you receive this. Sent by rail. I would like to get down next week if I can. Give my love to all the family, and Mary.—I am your affectionate father,
THOMAS HUMPHREYS.

Thomas Humphreys now made himself a new clock for his shop-door, exactly like the one he had given his son, and installed it the same year (1857). This new shop-door clock was sold by private contract in Newcastle in August, 1876, as the original "Master Humphreys' Clock"! And with it was sold the original letter of thanks written to Thomas Humphreys in 1839 by Charles Dickens, concerning the time-piece and his visit to Barnard Castle. The sale was commented on in the local papers at the time, and in the *New York Times*; but the authenticity of the clock was immediately denied by Master Humphreys himself, as an extract from a North Yorkshire newspaper of the day, the *Northern Evening Mail*, proves:—"The *New York Times* lately made a statement that the *original* 'Master Humphreys' Clock,' which formerly stood over the door* of the late Mr. Humphreys's

* The following letter to the editor, correcting a similar mistake, appeared in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* of August 5, 1876:—

SIR,—You made a mistake in the *Weekly Chronicle* of last week. Puck speaks of Master Humphrey's clock being over the door of my father's shop. There never was a clock over the door in Dickens's time. The Master Humphrey's Clock, said to be in New York, that Mr. Charles Dickens named one of his popular works after, is in the maker and owner's possession at Hartlepool, Durham. When a youth, in 1828 or 1829, 16 or 17 years of age, I made and finished the Master Humphrey's Clock, and placed it in my father's shop, so that you could see it from the outside through the glass door. Mr. Chas. Dickens, visiting Barnard Castle shortly after, and passing the shop door from the King's Head, used to call in to see the time of day as he went for his usual walks on the banks of the Tees.—Yours, &c.,

(Signed) WILLIAM HUMPHREYS, Watchmaker.
14, High Street, Hartlepool, August, 1876.

shop at Barnard Castle, and which suggested the title of one of Dickens's novels, had been purchased in New-castle-on-Tyne and sent out to New York. This statement, however, has just been denied by Mr. William Humphreys, of Hartlepool, who writes to say 'that the clock which stood inside his father's shop at Barnard Castle is now in his possession, he having made it when quite a youth.' Mr. William Humphreys has for many years been established in rooms in High Street, con-



tiguous to the Seamen's Bethel, Hartlepool, where is to be seen the veritable old clock which gave a fresh cue to the marvellous and prolific pen of Charles Dickens."

The writer, after searching into all the facts of the case, has indubitable proof that the late William Humphreys had in his possession, up to the time of the opening of the Newcastle Jubilee Exhibition, the

genuine "Master Humphreys' Clock," and also the original shop-door clock, the latter of which was used at the old shop between the years 1840 and 1857. Both of these clocks are now (October, 1887) to be seen in the North Court of the Exhibition, where they are keeping excellent time.

The accompanying sketch is copied from a photograph of the original clock, the "Master Humphreys' Clock." Around the small circle above the clock-face are inscribed the words (not shown in the engraving)—"Master Humphreys, fecit, 1829."

It was, as already mentioned, from Master Humphreys himself that the writer obtained the information contained in this paper. The genial old clock-maker died suddenly at Stranton, West Hartlepool, on Tuesday, May 24th, 1887, at the advanced age of seventy-five. Mr. Humphreys has left behind him the reputation of a man of ingenuity and intelligence. Nothing delighted him more in his latter days than to describe to his friends and acquaintances his connection with Charles Dickens, and his lengthy experience as a North-Country clockmaker.

H. BURNETT WATSON.

George Hudson, the Railway King.

GEORGE HUDSON was the son of comparatively poor parents, a native of York, and a draper to trade. He was born about the year 1800. His mercantile abilities were conspicuous from his youth up. His shop prospered. Customers flocked in upon him. He had likewise a peculiar capacity for shrewd bargain-making. When he was yet but in his twenty-seventh year, an old gentleman of the name of Botterel, into whose favour he had ingratiated himself, left him a fortune of £80,000 sterling. Hudson saw and comprehended with the force of intuition the growing necessity for the extension of railways. He consequently threw himself into the railway movement with all the energy he possessed, and, in the course of a few years, he was esteemed a reliable authority on all matters pertaining to scrip, debentures, preference shares, and such like things, then greater novelties than they are now.

A series of successful speculations on a comparatively small scale increased his wealth and swelled his importance, while it gave him perfect confidence in himself. He was one of the chief promoters of the Newcastle and Darlington Junction Railway, the last link in the chain of railway communication between London and Newcastle; and when that important line was opened with great ceremony on the 18th of June, 1844, he had, as chairman of the company, a congratulatory address presented to him and his brother directors by the good

folks of Newcastle and Gateshead. The Brandling Junction Railway, formed several years before, was purchased by Mr. Hudson for the Newcastle and Darlington Company during the ensuing month.

About twelve months after this, a vacancy having occurred in the representation of Sunderland by the elevation of Lord Howick to the House of Lords, a solicitor, who was also a man of genius in his way, Mr. J. J. Wright, conceived the idea of inviting Mr. Hudson to become a candidate. He willingly consented, and at once took such steps to win the good graces of the constituency as are seldom known to fail. He bought up the Durham and Sunderland line at par, when he could have got the shares at half price; but he thereby rescued from heavy losses the principal people of the borough, and so made fast friends of them. He devoted nearly £100,000 to make docks on the south side of the river



entrance, and promised as much more. He also bought up a ruinous concern, the North Dock at Monkwearmouth. In short, he caused his advent to be hailed in Sunderland as that of a real Fortunatus, who could conjure up wealth and property at will, lavish them on his favourites, and, like another Midas, convert everything he touched into gold. At the nomination of candidates, which took place on the 13th August, 1845, his Radical opponent, Colonel T. Perronet Thompson, had the show of hands; but the result of the poll on the following day gave Hudson a clear majority of 128. The election cost the new member, indeed, a deal of money, for he had gone to work after a truly regal fashion. It was said that

he spent £4,000, while Colonel Thompson's expenses were more than £2,000; but of these the Anti-Corn Law League bore such part as was expended *bona-fide* in the advancement of the cause for which it was then struggling in sight of victory. As for Mr. Hudson's political principles, they were a secondary consideration. He was a Tory—a Conservative—a Liberal-Conservative—a sort of hybrid—it did not matter much what—the main thing being that he was, or was believed to be, like Douglas Jerrold's hero, "a man made of money."

Immediately after the closing of the poll, at four o'clock, a special engine was sent off with the news, which reached London at one o'clock on the following morning. The result was immediately put in type at the *Times* office, and copies of that newspaper were dispatched, at ten minutes to three p.m., by another special train, which reached Sunderland at three minutes to eleven o'clock. The feat excited great attention throughout the country, and was considered at the time almost miraculous. We give the particulars of the upward journey in the following time table:—

	H. M.	Delay.
Bishopwearmouth.....	4 17	
Monkwearmouth.....	4 24	
Durham.....	4 52	For water..... 2
Darlington.....	5 24	Fresh engine..... 6
York.....	6 22	Fresh engine and change of carriage..... 2
Normanton.....	6 29	Change of engine..... 3
Masborough.....	7 32	Ditto..... 4
Chesterfield.....	8 2 2
Derby.....	8 32 3
Leicester.....	9 38	Delay and detention caused by the quarter to eight o'clock train in advance..... 15
Rugby.....	10 6	Change of engine..... 13
Wolverton.....	11 4 6
Primrose Hill.....	12 50 11
Euston Square.....	1 2 3
The <i>Times</i> office.....	1 25	
Total.....	9 8	Total delay..... 70
Thus from the time occupied in travelling from committee-room to the <i>Times</i> office.....		9 8
Deduct for delays.....		1 10
For total distance of 307 miles.....		7 58
Deduct coaching.....		0 28
Railway travelling 303 miles.....		7 30

In the month of October following, the plans of the proposed South Docks at Sunderland were approved by Mr. Hudson. Out of the proposed capital of £225,000, he subscribed to the amount of £75,000 on behalf of the Newcastle and Darlington Railway Company. The bill sanctioning the undertaking received the royal assent on the 14th May, 1846; but the clause authorising the company to subscribe was struck out by Lord Shaftesbury, on the ground that no railway company ought to be permitted to contribute towards the construction of a dock. This being so, Mr. Hudson advanced the money on his own account, that is to say, he did so out of the funds of the company of which he was chairman and dictator, without Parliamentary authority, risking all consequences.

It is almost needless to say that Mr. Hudson's influence in Sunderland, owing to these services to the shipping and coal trade of the town, was paramount in 1847, when the general election took place. At the close of the poll the numbers were:—Hudson, 878; Barclay, 646; Wilkinson, 569. In fact, no one would then have had a chance against the Railway King. Had his opponent been the most enlightened politician in the world, he must have gone to the wall.

It was not Mr. Hudson's policy to stop half-way in anything he undertook. Hence the vast engineering difficulties attending the passage of the Tyne at Newcastle did not long deter him from pushing out into Northumberland, so as to reach the Tweed, and join the North British line at Berwick. As chairman of the Newcastle and Darlington Company, he brought the subject of extending the railway to Berwick before the proprietors on the 8th of February, 1844, and obtained authority from them for making the necessary surveys and plans. Eventually the capital was fixed at £700,000, divided into 28,000 shares, of which the bulk was taken by the original company. There was, however, an opposition line, the Northumberland Railway, also with a branch from Berwick to Kelsø. The respective merits of the two schemes came before the Railway Department of the Board of Trade in December, 1845; and, in the beginning of the following year, that Board reported in favour of Mr. Hudson's scheme as against the other project, which, we believe, was intended to be worked on the atmospheric principle, and of which Lord Howick (now Earl Grey) was one of the chief promoters. The adverse opinion of the Board upon the Northumberland Railway (of which Mr. Brunell was the engineer, while Mr. Robert Stephenson laid out the Newcastle and Berwick line) was attributed to a feeling on the part of that body that it would be unwise to sanction more lines on the atmospheric principle, until its operation had been fully tested upon the South Devon and Croydon and Epsom lines, where it was then being experimentally worked. Parliament coincided with the Board in this view of the case, and the subsequent failure of the atmospheric system fully justified its decision. The Newcastle and Berwick Railway was opened throughout on the 1st of July, 1847; but it was not till two years after (15th August, 1849) that the High Level Bridge over the Tyne was opened for the passage of trains, nor was it brought into ordinary use until the 4th February, 1850.

The Tyne Dock on Jarrow Slake—for which Acts had been repeatedly obtained by different parties from time to time, all of which Acts had been suffered to lapse—was taken up by Mr. Hudson in 1846. He got powers to construct that important work in the ensuing session of Parliament, the capital authorised to be raised for the purpose being £150,000, with power to borrow a further sum of £50,000. The undertaking was not actually com-

menced, however, for a good while after the Act had been obtained.

Mr. Hudson's services as a skilful reviver of consumptive and declining railways were naturally called into extensive requisition. Thus he was invited, in 1845, when he was approaching the zenith of his fame, to take the chairmanship of the Eastern Counties Railway Company, on the understanding that he would devote his attention to restoring that company's lost position and weakened credit by introducing, amongst other things, modifications and improvements into its financial department, as well as by promoting a good feeling between the Northern and Eastern railway powers. His intervention kept the company afloat—a feat which nobody else could have performed so well.

In the same year, a movement was set afloat for the purpose of honouring Mr. Hudson with a public testimonial, and something like £25,000 was subscribed, with the view, it was understood, of erecting a statue. But the proposal met with much opposition. Carlyle treated it with withering scorn in a pamphlet entitled "Hudson's Statue." It was urged that Mr. Hudson had already well rewarded himself by his speculations—that he had risen by sheer audacity and venturesomeness to the first rank of fame and opulence as a member of the commercial world—that he was chairman of half-a-dozen companies, had amassed a princely fortune, was the lord of more than one ducal domain, and last, not least, was a member of the Imperial Legislature. "These surely," said one writer, "are brilliant as well as substantial rewards for a few years' enterprise and exertions."

Scarcely had Mr. Hudson been elected member for Sunderland when he blossomed out into a Yucca Gloriosa in the world of fashion. While his private office in London was daily crowded by persons of all ranks, from the gay Lifeguardsman to the cautious lawyer, from the blushing hoyden to the coronetted peeress, all seeking advice or obtruding orders for their long-planned purchases of his favoured railway scrip—his salons at Albert Gate were the nightly resort of the aristocracy. Royal blood itself mixed in George Hudson's *réunions*; for whilst Arthur, Duke of Wellington, displayed his remarkable countenance, and Henry, Viscount Palmerston, showed his comely face, among the glittering groups, the uncle of the Queen, the late Duke of Cambridge, was among the guests at the Monarch of the Rail's festive board.

Almost as a thing of course, Mr. Hudson was chosen Mayor of York, three times running. The extravagant grandeur wherewith he adorned his high office is one of the staple traditions of the city. Even the husband of the Queen made his first and only visit to York to share the municipal hospitality of its chief magistrate.

Besides being the chairman of so many railway companies and of the Sunderland Dock Company, member

for Sunderland, a magistrate for the city of York, and in the commission of the peace for the counties of York and Durham, Mr. Hudson was called upon almost every day to attend committee meetings, parish meetings, all sorts of meetings. And not only these, but even brilliant balls and assemblies had the honour and the advantage of his untiring attendance, as if he had been ubiquitous. He was one of the most efficient chairmen of a meeting that ever occupied that responsible post; and he seemed to be quite as much at home at a fashionable soiree as in a railway director's private room. An hour after he had been entertaining a group of lady-listeners in his own drawing-room with an impassioned recital of his early struggles and subsequent triumphs, he would be seen on the Opposition benches of the House of Commons in deep discourse with Lord George Bentinck or Mr. Disraeli upon some magnificent railway scheme for the regeneration of Ireland or a Ten Hours Bill for the operatives of Manchester.

Mr. Hudson's movements up and down the country were recorded by the newspapers as punctiliously as if they had been veritable royal progresses. One might cut out of their columns dozens of paragraphs like this, which we take from the *Durham Advertiser* of August 11th, 1848:—"Mr. Hudson and a party of his railway friends and officials passed through this city, on Tuesday last, on their way to Byers Green, on some business, it was understood, connected with railways or collieries in that neighbourhood."

But the railway mania, like all other hot fever fits in the monetary world, soon ran its course. The crisis came in 1847-8, the collapse in 1849. Dark clouds had been gathering for some time. So far back as 1846, the Great North of England line was purchased, at Mr. Hudson's instance, by the Newcastle and Darlington Company, at a most exorbitant price—a price, indeed, which raised suspicions in the public mind that the chairman and directors of the latter company had some undisclosed object in proposing the amalgamation of the two lines on such terms. The terms were these—that in 1850, £250 should be paid for £100 shares; that £100 should be paid for £40 shares; £75 for £30 shares; and £37 10s. for £17 shares. To raise the needful capital, a stock was created of 159,000 shares, of £25 each, called the "Great North of England Purchase Shares," which were to bear 6 per cent. interest till the year 1850. Suspicion was first aroused by the fact that, though many inquiries had been made touching the number of shares which had been purchased by the Newcastle and Darlington Company, not a word could be extorted from the directorate. Mr. Hudson imperiously frowned down all who dared to put any question on the point; and it was not until February, 1849, that the necessary information was obtained. In the schedule of accounts then

published by command of the Board it was thus conveyed:—

To 832 £100 shares, averaging £234 14s. 0½d.	
per share.....	£195,271 17 3
To 1,387 £40 shares, averaging £94 5s. 6½d.	
per share, paid up in full	130,761 1 8
To 4,055 £30 shares, averaging £70 8s. 3d.	
per share, paid up in full	285,170 15 6
To 3,790 £15 shares, averaging £34 19s 9½d.	
per share, £14 paid.....	132,611 10 0
To Transfer Stamps	1,471 2 3
To Broker's Commission	2,499 7 5

The Stock Exchange of London, and, indeed, the whole railway world, stood aghast at this statement, and it was immediately asked—"Who were the sellers? Why were such extravagant prices paid?" At the half-yearly meeting which ensued, Mr. Hudson, after some evasions and indirect threats of resignation, confessed that he, the chairman of the company, had sold 3,790 shares to it (2,800 of them without the intervention of a broker) at a rate considerably above the price at which he, in his private capacity, had bought them a day or two before. He accompanied this admission by a promise to refund any excess he might have received. This offer was scouted, and a committee of investigation was appointed, on the motion of Mr. Prance, of the Stock Exchange.

It appeared from the evidence collected by that committee, and by another subsequently appointed with a wider range, that on the 26th of October, 1846, after the close of a general meeting of proprietors, the directors resolved that the shares of the Great North of England Railway should be bought by the York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railway Company, and that Mr. Hudson alone should have the management of the purchase. The directors, when examined on the point, agreed that such a resolution or understanding was come to; but no record of it was found on the minutes of the proceedings. The sums expended by the directors in buying these shares, up to the 25th January, 1849, amounted in the aggregate to £749,524 14s. 7d. The first sale to the company was by Mr. Hudson himself at his own price, to the amount of £131,867 9s. 3d., which was £8,418 10s. in excess of the current market price. This excess, however, it was stated, could not be taken as the measure of the injury done to the company, inasmuch as the purchase of so large a number of shares by Mr. Hudson on his own account during a single month contributed to enhance the market price at the date of the sale. The impropriety of such a transaction between an individual and a company to which he stood in the relation of a trustee could not be doubted. The remissness of the other directors in the discharge of their duty with respect to this and other accounts was very remarkable. According to their own statement, they remained in entire ignorance of the Great North of England Purchase account, and made no inquiries about the matter, from the 27th of October, 1846, till the 13th of February, 1849, when the secret came out. It likewise transpired that it had been their habit to sign cheques

for large amounts, without asking for or receiving further information than that the money was wanted for the purchase of Great North of England shares. The auditors, again, limited their examination of the accounts to a comparison of the bank-book with the journal and ledger, and never thought of asking for the production of vouchers or original contracts. The secretary of the company (Mr. Close) was a gentleman who, according to his own statement, "managed Mr. Hudson's cash affairs, but not all," and so he was about as ignorant of how these monetary matters went on as anybody else. In short, the Railway King's powers, as sole manager of the concerns of the York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railway Company, were uncontrolled and unchecked.

At a meeting held at York on the 4th of May, 1849, a letter was read from Mr. Hudson resigning the chairmanship. The revelations that shortly followed excited an extraordinary sensation, as well they might. Thus the committee found that their late chairman, though entitled to only 937½ shares in the Newcastle and Berwick Company, had secretly taken, and afterwards sold for his own benefit, 10,894 shares, the committee estimating the profit of this "flagrant abuse of the confidence reposed in him" at £145,704. An increased number of shares had been issued surreptitiously to the extent of 14,000 above that sanctioned by the Act. This was done entirely by the chairman and the secretary, unknown to the other directors, and certainly without any minute or entry of any sort in the books of the company. Of these surreptitious shares Mr. Hudson took no fewer than 9,956½ for his own use.

Nor was this all. In the matter of the Brandling Junction Railway purchase, it came out that his fellow-directors had made Mr. Hudson a present of 2,000 shares, at a time when they were at a premium of £21 each, being equivalent to a bonus of £42,000. Again, it appeared that in January, 1845, Mr. Hudson purchased 10,000 tons of iron on his own account at £6 10s. per ton, and sold 7,000 tons to the company, within a few weeks, at £12 per ton, making a profit of £38,500. Yet further, it was shown that Mr. Hudson took cheques, in 1845, for £37,350, to be applied in payments to landowners and contractors, and that of this money he retained no less than £26,000 in his own hands, down till the date of the appointment of the investigation committee, when he restored it to the company, his habit being to draw money from time to time ostensibly for various purposes, and to place it to his own credit till such time as he found it convenient to replace it. In this manner the construction account was overcharged to the extent of £40,000, which Mr. Hudson also repaid, with interest. On the Great North of England purchase account he was a debtor to the company for £26,855, which he likewise returned. It was discovered also, during the inquiry, that, in order to keep up large dividends and to

"make things pleasant" (in the words of the secretary), the books had been systematically falsified, or "cooked," from the day the first entry was made in them on the traffic account. Various ingenious contrivances had been adopted in this "cooking" department, all having the same object in view, namely, to swell up the apparent nett available revenue beyond its real amount, and so enable the directors to pay higher dividends than were actually earned. These increased dividends, the reader will see, again enabled Mr. Hudson to realise increased profits by the sale (at higher prices than he could have obtained otherwise) of the shares which he took from the company, whether legally or surreptitiously, for his own behoof.

There was one particular way in which Mr. Hudson found he could serve his friends materially, though it was at the cost of the general body of shareholders. It was this: The payment of calls on the different classes of shares was so adroitly managed as to give a clear scope to favouritism and jobbery. Calls were allowed to remain in arrear for any length of time certain parties might desire, and, in many cases, it was not even required that they should pay the original deposit on the shares allotted to them. When it served their convenience to sell these shares, however, they were transferred to the purchasers without demur, and the favoured original holders were only charged 5 per cent. interest on their calls for the period during which they remained in arrear, and were allowed, on the other hand, for the same period, the half-yearly dividends payable to the other shareholders. In this way Mr. Hudson and his friends received dividends on their shares at the respective rates of 9 per cent., 8 per cent., and 6 per cent. per annum, while they were only charged interest at the rate of 5 per cent., thus pocketing the difference, often to large amounts, upon an imaginary capital, of which not one shilling had been furnished to the company until after the shares had been sold. All the shares improperly taken from the company by Mr. Hudson himself were dealt with in this manner, and so were the bulk of those distributed amongst his friends and retainers.

The protracted litigation between the North-Eastern Railway Company and Mr. Hudson would take a good large volume to explain. We shall, therefore, not attempt to enter into it. The best accountant in Great Britain would find some difficulty, we believe, in unravelling the tangled skein of claims and counter-claims — debts and sets-off — mortgages and prior incumbrances — that the arbiters in the case, the Chief Clerk in Chancery, the Master of the Rolls, and the House of Lords itself, had to deal with so repeatedly. At one time a "final agreement" was made between the parties, by which, in consideration of an additional payment to be made by Mr. Hudson of £50,000, the company relinquished all further claims upon

him ; but it is clear from what followed that this "final agreement" was not carried out, because, on the 30th of June, 1861, the accounts showed a net balance, at that date, against Mr. Hudson, of £97,948. In the preceding month (May, 1861), the company had sold part of the property mortgaged to them—viz., the house at Albert Gate, so famous during Mr. Hudson's brief reign, when he held his brilliant court therein like any legitimate crown prince—to the French Government for £21,600. Eight years before that (November, 1853) the deeply-mortgaged Newby Park estate had been sold to Viscount Down for £190,000. The Whitby estate was disposed of afterwards. Thus the whole landed property of the Railway King—a splendid accumulation made in the course of a few eventful years—melted away like the fabric of a vision.

Yet we cannot forget that under George Hudson's practical autocracy, disfigured though it was with transactions that could not bear the light of day, the North-Eastern Railway system grew up to a gigantic size, spreading its branches all over the district, and enabling trade and commerce to develop themselves in a way and to an extent that would once have been deemed fabulous. We need not speak of towns which have been in existence for hundreds of years, and which have doubled or tripled in population and wealth since 1845 ; for we have examples in our own neighbourhood of towns absolutely created by the Ithuriel spear of the North-Eastern Railway—witness Middlesbrough, Jarrow, Crook, Eston, &c. And as for great engineering works—will not the High Level Bridge, the Sunderland Docks, the Tyne Docks, and the Royal Border Bridge be for ever associated with the name of Hudson ?

The trunks and branches comprised in the York, Newcastle, and Berwick line, with their respective lengths in miles, were thus given in the *Railway Times* for June, 1849:—

Great North of England	48
Newcastle and Darlington	30½
Bransford Junction	27½
Newcastle and Berwick	65
Newcastle and North Shields	7½
Pontop and South Shields	24½
Extension to Monkwearmouth	0½
Durham and Sunderland	17½
Hartlepool	26
Richmond	9½
Bedale	5½
Boroughbridge	6½
Total	269

At the same date, the Newcastle and Carlisle and the Maryport Railways were on the point of being amalgamated ; the Washington branch was completed ; and the Thirsk and Malton, Team Talley, Auckland, Pensher, Quayside, Blyth, Barmoor, Kelso, Warkworth, and Alnwick branches were in embryo. This was the kingdom over which Hudson ruled, and which has since grown, by natural increment and transformation,

into a republic far greater. For, throwing out of view all that has been added to the North-Eastern system since the date (July 31st, 1854) when the bill received the Royal assent for amalgamating the York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railway with the York and North Midland, and the Leeds Northern Railways, we find that the extent of mileage was then greater than that possessed by any other company in the United Kingdom, embracing 720 miles, while the capital of the undertaking was about twenty-three millions sterling. No less than sixty-eight Acts of Parliament are recited in the Amalgamation Act—the realisation of George Hudson's grand beau-ideal.

Mr. Hudson's connection with Sunderland as its member lasted fourteen years. At the general election in 1852 he was again placed at the head of the poll, as well as honoured with the show of hands. In 1857, when he came forward once more, the show of hands was in his favour, and so was the voting ; but he stood only second at the close of the poll, Mr. Fenwick, who had been at the bottom at the previous election, being now at the top. Finally, in 1857—his last appearance on the hustings—he was rejected by his old constituents in favour of Mr. W. S. Lindsay.

After the loss of his large fortune, Mr. Hudson resided chiefly in Paris, where he was understood to be still engaged in a small way in railway speculations in Spain and other countries. It was a strange reverse of fortune. A man who, on one occasion, at a meeting at Derby, actually raised two and a half millions sterling in the course of a few minutes, was reduced almost to the level of a mendicant. But the fallen monarch was not without friends even to the last. Mr. Hugh Taylor, of Chipchase Castle, interested himself in Mr. Hudson's behalf, with such good effect, too, that he raised in 1868 a fund of £4,800, which was invested in the purchase of an annuity. It even came to pass in 1869 that he was honoured with a banquet in Sunderland. Mr. Hudson died in London in December, 1871, aged 71 years, leaving a widow, two sons, and a daughter.

Our portrait, which shows Mr. Hudson in his prime, is taken from an engraving that appeared in the *Illustrated London News* in 1845.

The White Horses of the Hambleton Hills.

IN the north-eastern side of the great vale of York are the Hambleton Hills, a long mountain range, presenting a bold elevation to the valley at its foot. On the face of this range of hills are two remarkable objects, severally named "The White Horse of Kilburn," and "The White Mare of Whitstone-cliff," the first being the figure of a horse cut on the steep hill side, the second a rocky precipice, so

named, on the face of the hill. These two objects can be seen at a great distance from the plain below, from the higher country towards the west and south-west, and from the North-Eastern Railway for several miles of its course.

The derivation of the first portion of the name of "White Mare of Whitstonecliff" belongs to legend, the second to the natural appearance of the precipice. Here is no figure, fancied or real, of a white horse. The tale is thus told by tradition:—A white mare in training at the Dialstone stables had hitherto defied all efforts to break her to obedience, when a wicked jockey swore a terrible oath, that he would either subdue her or ride her to the infernal regions. He mounted, rode her quietly to the training ground, a short distance from the Whitstonecliff, when, as if moved by some sudden impulse to madness, she grasped the bit between her teeth, dashed like lightning to the edge of the cliff, and sprung from it with a bound right into the middle of the "bottomless" lake below. The waters closed over them, and the wild white mare and her wicked rider were seen no more. Hence the name of the cliff. A rhyme current among the hills says:—

When Hambleton Hills are covered with corn and hay,
The White Mare of Whits'oncliff will lead it away.

The front of the precipice is about 200 feet in depth, by 500 yards in length, composed of jagged and fractured limestone, in beds varying from twelve inches to four feet in thickness. Immense heaps of rock have fallen from the face of the cliff at different times, and lie piled in masses at its base. The last and most remarkable fall was in March, 1755, and is thus described in John Wesley's Journal:—"1755. On Thursday, March 25, many persons observed a great noise near a ridge of mountains in Yorkshire, called Black Hambleton. It was observed chiefly in the south-west side of the mountain, about a mile from the course where the Hambleton races are run, near a ridge of rocks called Whiston Cliffs, or Whiston White Mare, two miles from Sutton, about five from Thirsk. The same noise was heard on Wednesday by all who went that way. On Thursday, about seven in the morning, Edward Abbot, weaver, and Adam Bosomworth, bleacher, both of Sutton, riding under Whiston Cliffs, heard a roaring (as they termed it) like many cannons, or loud and rolling thunder. It seemed to come from the cliffs, looking up to which they saw a large body of stone, four or five yards broad, split and fly off from the very top of the rocks. They thought it strange, but rode on. Between ten and eleven, a larger piece of the rock, about fifteen yards thick, thirty high, and between sixty and seventy broad, was torn off and thrown into the valley. About seven in the evening, one who was riding by observed the ground to shake exceedingly, and soon after several large stones or rocks, of some tons weight each, rose out of the ground. Others were thrown on one side, others turned upside down, and many rolled over and over. Being a little surprised, and not very curious,

he hasted on his way. On Friday and Saturday the ground continued to shake, and the rocks to roll over one another. The earth also clave asunder in very many places, and continued to do so until Sunday morning."

The Kilburn White Horse is situate only a few hundred yards south-east of Roulston Scar, the most south-western part of the Hambleton range. Here the precipice has become a steep slope, covered with turf, and on this slope the figure of an equine monster, whose profile can be seen at a distance of thirty miles, is cut. The length of the horse is 180 feet, and the height 80 feet; his one great green eye is three yards in diameter; the quantity of land he covers is three roods; and to make a fence around him would enclose two acres. This figure was first formed in November, 1857, by Mr. Thomas Taylor, a native of the village of Kilburn. The land on which the horse stands is, or was, the property of Mr. Dresser, of Kilburn Hall. Six tons of lime were used to give his skin the requisite whiteness, and thirty-three men were at work upon him on the 4th of November, the day on which he was completed. The figure was cut merely to gratify the whim of the projector, not to commemorate any remarkable event. The ground covered by the horse requires to be carefully cleared of breckons at least once a year, or all traces of his existence would soon be obliterated.

WILLIAM GRAINGER, Harrogate.

Elsie Marley.

FOR many years about the middle of last century the Barley Mow at Picktree, near Chester-le-Street, was kept by an innkeeper named Marley, whose wife Alice, popularly Ailsie or Elsie, managed the house with great acceptance to all classes, her buxom presence and lively humour being the means of attracting customers of all ranks of society, from the humble pitman to the colliery owner, and from keelmen and sailors to tradesmen and gentlemen. Sir Cuthbert Sharp characterises her as "witty and pretty," and a writer in Mitchell's *Newcastle Magazine*, who saw her in her latter days, describes her as "a tall, slender, genteel-looking woman," about fifty years of age.

The incident upon which the ballad was founded was this:—Elsie, who was a great favourite with her customers, being out on some little business about the premises, perceived that her pocket was lost, on which she hurried into the house where some company were drinking. "O hinnies," she exclaimed, "I've lost my pocket and all my money," when her husband, as if inspired, roared forth—

Di' ye ken Elsie Marley, honey,
The wife that sells the barley, honey?
She's lost her pocket and all her money
Aback o' the bush i' the garden, honey.

To this stanza the rest were afterwards added by an

unknown hand, and speedily became so popular all over the district that, when Joseph Ritson published his "Bishoprick Garland," in 1784, he considered it of sufficient importance to include it in that collection.

A happy temperament, a comfortable life, and an extensive circle of friends, did not, however, suffice to save poor Elsie from a melancholy end. In Sykes's "Local Records," under date of August 5, 1768, we read:—"The well-known Alice Marley, who kept a public-house at Picktree, near Chester-le-Street, being in a fever, got out of her house and went into a field where there was an old coal-pit full of water, which she fell into and was drowned."

Sir Walter Scott has, by a singular anachronism, introduced four lines of "Elsie Marley, honey," in "The Fortunes of Nigel," the scenes of which are laid in the reign of James the First.

The tune is an original composition incidental to the ballad, and we have only once met with it under another name in an old manuscript book, where it appears as "Houghton Feast." Mr. Topliffe, the blind Monkwearmouth vocalist, used to sing it in exquisite style at his ballad concerts about forty years ago, and more recently it constituted one of the first favourites at the lectures on Northumbrian music by our venerable friend Dr. Bruce.

JOHN STOKOE.

Di' ye ken El-sie Mar-ley, hon-ev, The
wife that sells the bar-ley, hon-ey? She
lost her pock-et and all her mon-ey, A-
back o' the bush i' the gar-den, hon-ey.
El-sie Mar-ley's grown so fine, She
won't get up to serve her swine. But
lies in bed till eight or nine, And
sure-ly she does take her time.

D.C.

Di' ye ken Elsie Marley, honey,
The wife that sells the barley, honey?
She lost her pocket and all her money,
Aback o' the bush i' the garden, honey.

Elsie Marley's grown so fine,
She won't get up to serve her swine,
But lies in bed till eight or nine,
And surely she does take her time.
Di' ye ken, &c.

Elsie Marley is so neat,
It's hard for one to walk the street,
But every lad and lass you meet
Cries—"Di' ye ken Elsie Marley, honey?"
Di' ye ken, &c.

Elsie Marley wore a straw hat,
But now she's gotten a velvet cap;
The Lambton lads mun pay for that.
Di' ye ken Elsie Marley, honey?
Di' ye ken, &c.

Elsie keeps rum and gin and ale,
In her house below the dale,
Where every tradesman, up and down,
Does call and spend his half-a-crown.
Di' ye ken, &c.

The farmers as they come that way,
They drink with Elsie every day,
And call the fiddler for to play
The tune of "Elsie Marley, honey."
Di' ye ken, &c.

The pitmen and the keelmen trim
They drink bumbo* made of gin,
And for the dance they do begin
To the tune of "Elsie Marley, honey."
Di' ye ken, &c.

The sailors they do call for flipt
As soon as they come from the ship,
And then begin to dance and skip
To the tune of "Elsie Marley, honey."
Di' ye ken, &c.

Those gentlemen that go so fine,
They'll treat her with a bottle of wine,
And freely they'll sit down and dine
Along with Elsie Marley, honey.
Di' ye ken, &c.

So to conclude those lines I've penned,
Hoping there's none I do offend;
And thus my merry joke doth end,
Concerning Elsie Marley, honey.
Di' ye ken, &c.

The Devil's Punch Bowl.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKETT, of Wallington, Northumberland, was married to Lady Barbara Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Jersey, on Sept. 20, 1725. When the news arrived in Newcastle, there was ringing of bells, bonfires, firing of guns, and other demonstrations of joy, which continued for two days. At Hexham not only were several barrels of strong beer consumed near a great bonfire, but the inhabitants were so vigorous in ringing that they broke the fray bell, which weighed three tons and a half. Shaftoe Vaughan, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, ordered Shaftoe Crags

* Gin and water sweetened. It used to be smuggled on board ships by the bumboat women: whence the name.

† A drink once much relished by sailors, made of beer, brandy or gin, and sugar. In one of Dibdin's songs the praises are sung of Landlady Bet, of Wapping, "who made such rare flip."

to be illuminated by a great number of large fires, which were placed upon the most conspicuous parts of the crags. A large punch bowl (now called the Devil's Punch Bowl) was cut out in the most elevated rock, which was filled with more liquor than was sufficient for the vast crowd of people who flocked thither, and who drank healths suited to the occasion as merrily as they were proposed by Mr. Vaughan.

JOHN LYNN, Seghill.

Berwick Characters.



QUAINT, old-fashioned place like the Border town of Berwick, with all its peculiar rights and privileges, has, as a matter of course, a number of "characters" within its precincts. Twenty or thirty years ago their name was legion, but with the advancing times they have now dwindled well-nigh out of sight. Every generation, however, has had its few luckless ones who have been the butt or jest of the community, and many are the rich stories regarding them which have been handed down to the present day. There is no written record of these



worthies, but we have been fortunate enough to discover a series of sketches, by Mr. James Menin, in which the "characters" of at least one generation

are cleverly portrayed. These sketches are in the possession of Mr. David Martin, Newcastle, with whose kind permission we reproduce the drawings of Hairy Jamie, the miser, and Sandy Mitchell, the poet. Nothing of Hairy Jamie is known, not even his birthplace; while the reason why he dressed in the style depicted is equally obscure. He hung about Berwick bounds for thirty years, begging from house to house, and singing such songs as "Annie Laurie," "At the Farm House," &c., as he jogged along. Whether he had money or not was a mystery, but he was always looked upon as a miser. He invariably wore a hair-net, a Meg Merrilies shawl, and an old apron, and spoke with a strong Scottish



accent. His clothing, like his body, was begrimed with dirt, and poor Jamie was universally regarded as not being in his right mind. Sandy Mitchell was a Border poet, in no great estimation but his own. He was well-known in Berwick, and roamed in the neighbourhood, especially amongst the fishing villages, selling the sweetmeats known as

"Berwick Cockles" and odds and ends of groceries, in addition to rhymes of his own composition, which many bought simply for fun. Sandy was also a quack doctor, an astrologer, and a prophet, predicting, in the last-named capacity, the "end of all things" in the year A.D. 2,000. He died a few years ago in the full belief that he was an injured man, that his talent was unrecognised, and that he was held in disdain because of his extreme poverty.

Thomas Paine & Sunderland Bridge.

PROBABLY but few of the many hundreds who daily travel over the noble high level bridge of which Sunderland is justly proud, and read in conspicuous characters upon its balustrades the words "Rowland Burdon, 1796; Robert Stephenson, 1858," are aware of the fact that this bridge is constructed of part of the materials of one built under the direction of Thomas Paine, the author of the "Rights of Man." The history of Paine's bridge, taken from Mr. Smiles's "Life of Telford," and other sources of information, may perhaps interest the reader.

Thomas Paine, who was the son of a Quaker of Thetford, in Norfolk, was brought up to his father's trade,

that of a staymaker; but he soon got tired of staymaking and Thetford. Leaving home early in life, he filled, during a few years, the posts of privateersman, exciseman, and schoolmaster.

Dr. Franklin, with whom he had become acquainted, persuaded him to go to America, and there he took an active part in the revolutionary discussions of the end of last century. He dwelt for some time in Philadelphia, and studied mechanical philosophy, electricity, mineralogy, and the use of iron in bridge building. In 1787 he boldly offered to erect an iron bridge of 400 feet span with a single arch across the Schuylkill River; in the same year he submitted his design for the proposed bridge to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, also a copy of his plan to the Royal Society of England. Encouraged by the favourable opinions of scientific men, Paine proceeded to Rotherham, in Yorkshire, to get his bridge cast.

In August, 1788, he took out a patent for this bridge, and in the specification he describes it as "a method of constructing arches, vaulted roofs, and ceilings, either of iron or wood, on principles new and different to anything hitherto practised, by means of which construction arches, vaulted roofs, and ceilings may be erected to the extent of several hundreds of feet beyond what can be performed in the present practice of architecture." Paine says the idea was taken from "the figure of a spider's circular web," and other ideas from nature, fully de-



Iron Bridge. Sunderland. 1842

scribed in the specification for the patent, which is No. 1,667 on the list, and is notable as the first patent in our records for an improvement in bridge construction.

An American gentleman named Whiteside having advanced money to Paine, the castings for the bridge were duly made by Messrs. Walker, of Rotherham, and shipped off to London. The bridge was exhibited to the public at Paddington, where it was visited by large numbers of people.

Whiteside having become bankrupt, Paine was arrested by his assignees; but, two other Americans becoming bond for him, he was liberated. And now, apparently giving up all thoughts of his bridge, he espoused the principles of the French Revolution. Meanwhile, the manufacturers of the bridge agreed to take it back as part of their debt, and the materials were used in the construction of that high level bridge which now spans the Wear at Sunderland.

To the public munificence of Rowland Burdon, of Castle Eden, is due the erection of this bridge, at a cost to himself of about £22,000, in the year 1796. In the previous year he took out a patent for its construction, in which he describes it as "a method of making, uniting, and applying cast iron blocks, to be substituted in lieu of keystones in the construction of arches, the said cast iron blocks being kept in their proper positions, and made to abut against each other, and to support any incumbent structure by means of wrought iron bars and wrought or cast iron braces being affixed to their sides, and passing horizontally between ribs composed of the said cast iron blocks."

Although the names of Rowland Burdon and Robert Stephenson (under whose supervision the bridge was widened and improved) are alone publicly associated with this bridge, "we must not"—to use the words of Mr. Phipps, C.E., in a report to Robert Stephenson—"deny to Paine the credit of conceiving the construction of iron bridges of far larger span than had been made before his time, or of the important examples, both as models and large constructions, which he caused to be made and publicly exhibited."

Several alterations and improvements upon the original design were made in erecting the bridge. Its span is 236 feet, and the roadway is more than 100 feet above high water mark. The bridge was characterised by Mr. Robert Stephenson as "a structure which, as regards its proportions and the small quantity of material used in its construction, will probably remain unrivalled."

CESTRIA, Newcastle,

It is admitted that Rowland Burdon constructed and erected Sunderland Bridge, but this is widely different to inventing it. Let us look at the facts of the case, as far as they are known. Paine's specification of his patent was registered August 26, 1788, and numbered 1,667. No one will doubt that considerable time would elapse in considering and mastering the specification before it was

registered. In fact, we know from Paine's memoir, addressed to the United States Congress, that in the September of 1787, about a year before the patent was registered, a model of the bridge was sent to Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society of England.

In a paper read before the Royal Society, in 1797, Thomas Bowler states that "a plan for an iron bridge, on a new principle, was also invented by Mr. Thomas Paine, and exhibited some time ago near Paddington." There is little doubt that the bridge alluded to was made at Rotherham, and sent to Paddington for exhibition. We now have historical evidence that Paine had a model of his bridge, the specification of his patent being registered seven years before Burdon took out his patent; and we may fairly assume that a bridge was built in accordance with Paine's model and specification, and exhibited about the time Burdon's patent was registered. There can be no doubt that Burdon, when considering and maturing his plans for the construction of such a novel structure as the Sunderland Bridge, would be fully aware of the facts alluded to. Rowland Burdon's specification of patent was registered September 18, 1795, No. 2,066. The foundation-stone was laid 24th September, 1793, and the bridge was opened to the public on the 8th of August, 1796, so that the erection of the structure had been in progress for two years before the patent was entered in the patent office. This looks very much like making the machine first, and drawing the plans afterwards.

I must now call attention to the Rev. William Turner's remarks in a paper read by him before the Literary and Philosophical Society at Newcastle, in 1795, and to Mr. John Rastrick's letter, dated Morpeth, September 8, 1795. Mr. Turner's remarks certainly imply that he was not certain that Mr. Burdon was the inventor. Mr. Rastrick says:—"It has been asserted that Wearmouth Bridge is built on the principles of a model of Paine's which came from London one evening when I was at Castle Eden." We may fairly infer that there must have been some grounds for this report.

An Act of Parliament was obtained in 1857 for the reconstruction, or rather the strengthening, of the bridge, which was carried out under the superintendence of Robert Stephenson. The original structure of the bridge was found to consist of six cast iron ribs. To the surprise and astonishment of all immediately connected with the repairs, the discovery was made that two of the ribs had been made of one pattern, and the other four ribs of a different pattern. The question naturally arose, how had this occurred? The most feasible answer is that the two exceptional ribs were those sent from Paddington, which we have most unmistakeable hints about.

JOHN A. HASWELL, Newcastle.

In 1786 Paine made three models of iron bridges, partly at Philadelphia, but mostly at Borden Town, in the State

of Jersey. One model was in wood, one in cast iron, and one in wrought iron connected with blocks of wood, representing cast iron blocks. He took the last-mentioned one with him to France in 1787, and presented it to the Academy of Sciences at Paris for their opinion of it. In September of the same year he sent a model to Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society in England, and soon after came to England himself.

The principle he took to begin with, and to work upon, was that the small segment of a large circle was preferable to the great segment of a small circle. The appearance of such arches, and the manner of forming and putting the parts together, admit of many



Thomas Paine.

varieties; but the principle will be the same in all. The architects Paine conversed with in England denied the principle, but it was generally supported by mathematicians.

In order to ascertain the truth of the principle on a larger scale than could be shown by a portable model of five or six feet in length, he went to the iron foundry of Messrs. Walker, at Rotherham, and had a complete rib of ninety feet span, and five feet in height from the cord line to the centre of the arch, manufactured and erected. It was a segment of a circle of four hundred and ten feet diameter; and until this was done no experiment on a circle of such extensive diameter had ever been made in architecture, or the practicability of it supposed. On the success of this experiment, he entered into an agreement with the iron founders at Rotherham to cast and manufacture a complete bridge to be composed of five ribs of one hundred and ten feet span, and five feet of height

from the cord line, being a segment of a circle of six hundred and ten feet diameter.

At this time Paine's bridge operations became suspended, and he employed himself on the now celebrated work "The Rights of Man," in answer to Burke's attack on the French Revolution. In 1792 a Convention was elected in France for the express purpose of forming a constitution on the authority of the people, as had been done in America, of which Convention Paine was elected a member. He was at that time in England, and knew nothing of his election till the arrival of the person who was sent officially to inform him of it. So great was Paine's popularity in France that he was chosen about the same time by the people of no fewer than four departments.

During Paine's absence in France, Sunderland Bridge was erected. Paine had a very intimate friend—Sir Robert Smyth, who was also an acquaintance of Mr. Monroe, the American Minister in Paris. Smyth had been a colleague in Parliament of Mr. Ralph Milbanke, and, supposing that the persons who constructed the iron bridge at Sunderland had made free with Paine's model, which was at the iron works where the Sunderland Bridge was cast, he wrote to Mr. Milbanke on the subject, and the following was that gentleman's answer:—

With respect to the bridge over the river Wear at Sunderland, it is certainly a work well deserving admiration both for its structure and utility, and I have good grounds for saying that the first idea was suggested by Mr. Paine's bridge exhibited at Paddington. What difference there may be in some parts of the structure, or in the proportion of wrought and cast iron, I cannot pretend to say, Burdon having undertaken to build the bridge, in consequence of his having taken upon himself whatever the expense might be beyond three and four thousand pounds (sterling) subscribed by myself and some other gentlemen. But, whatever the mechanism might be, it did not supersede the necessity of a centre [the writer has here confounded a centre with a scaffolding], which centre was esteemed a very ingenious piece of workmanship, and taken from a plan sketched by Mr. Nash, an architect of great merit, who had been consulted in the outset of the business, when a bridge of stone was in contemplation. With respect, therefore, to any gratuity to Mr. Paine, though ever so desirous of rewarding the labour of an ingenious man, I do not feel how, under the circumstances already described, I have it in my power, having nothing to do with the bridge after the payment of my subscription, Mr. Burdon then becoming accountable for the whole. But if you can point out any mode, according to which it should be in my power to be instrumental in procuring him any compensation for the advantage the public may have derived from his ingenious model, from which certainly the outline of the bridge at Sunderland was taken, be assured it will afford me very great satisfaction.

RA. MILBANKE.

Paine had no patent for his bridge construction in America, but he took care to put the country in possession of the means and of the right of making use of the construction freely. Among the world's inventors he has an honoured place. The iron truss bridge, which he invented, now spans a thousand streams in America, a graceful monument to his mechanical genius. He was

the inventor of the planing machine, which relieves the weary mechanic from much of the severity of his olden toil; and he was the first to suggest steam navigation, although not to practically carry out the idea.

The above summary and extracts are taken from two of Paine's letters—one to Sir George Staunton, Bart.; the other, "On the Construction of Iron Bridges," to the Congress of the United States. T. W., Sunderland.

A long discussion took place in the "Notes and Queries" of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* in 1875 on the subject of the invention of Sunderland Bridge. Immense credit was of course justly given to Mr. Burdon for originating and building the structure; but the curious and varied evidence produced in the course of that discussion conclusively proved that the honour of inventing the principle on which the bridge was constructed belongs to Thomas Paine. It will be sufficient to enumerate here the names of some of the authorities who were shown to have awarded the credit to the author of "The Rights of Man." I mention them in the order in which they appeared in the correspondence:—Ralph Milbanke, the colleague of Rowland Burdon in the representation of Durham; the "Encyclopædia Londinensis"; Kensington Museum of Patents; *Quarterly Review*, July, 1858; J. C. Jeafferson, "Life of Robert Stephenson"; Mr. Murray, engineer of Sunderland Dock; Dr. Smiles, "Life of Telford"; Mr. Phipps, C.E.; Professor Pole; Rees's "Encyclopædia"; Robert Stephenson, "Encyclopædia Britannica."

ERNEST WELLS, Newcastle.

Our sketch of the Sunderland Bridge is copied from an engraving in Richardson's "Table Book." Paine's portrait is a copy of Romney's. It is to be regretted that we have been unable, though we made inquiries far and near, to obtain a portrait of Rowland Burdon also.

MIDSUMMER BONEFIRES.

BOURNE tells us it was a custom in his time in the North of England, chiefly in country villages, for old and young people to meet together and be merry over a large fire on Midsummer Eve, which was made in the open street, and, of whatever material it was made, called a bonfire, the name having originated because the fire was generally made of bones. Stow speaks of men providing wood and labour; but this can be accounted for in the *Homily de Festo Sancti Johannis Baptiste*, which states that in the worship of St. John the people waked at home on the eve of that saint and made three manner of fires. One was "clene bones and no woode, and that is called a Bonefyre; another is clene woode and no bones, and that is called a Wodefyre; the third made of woode and bones, and it is called Saynt Johannys fyre."

The reasons assigned for making bonfires on the vigil of St. John (Midsummer Eve) are various, and, owing to want of proper information, cannot be much depended on; but the fires, no doubt, originated in some of the many ceremonies of the Roman Church. In a translation of the fourth book of the "Popish Kingdome" (1570), written in Latin and dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, concerning St. John's Eve, the walking through flowers at the fire, the casting of them formerly into it, and the invocation to the Deity, with the effects supposed to be produced by the ceremonies mentioned in the poem, are circumstances that seem to strengthen the conclusion. "This vigil ought to be held with cheerfulness and piety, but not with such merriment as is shown by the profane lovers of this world, who make great fires in the streets and indulge themselves with filthy and unlawful games, to which they add gluttony and drunkenness and the commission of many other shameful indecencies." (Harleian MS.) In the Tynemouth MS., Bonner and Boen Harow occur for ploughing and harrowing gratis or by gift. There is a passage also much to our purpose in Aston's translation of Aubanus:—"Common fires, or, as we call them here in England, Bonfires." The term may mean a contribution fire—that is, one to which all in the neighbourhood contributed some material, meaning "boon fire" (ploughing days are called "bone days"). May such customs not point to the worship of the sun-gods, as do the appropriation of all sun-like flowers as emblems of St. John?

Bonfires were customary on occasions of public rejoicing at Darlington. In 1688, the parish spent 1s. 6d. on a bonfire, the occasion being King James's birthday (Longstaffe), and many parish books testify to this fact. The diversions were continued until midnight, and sometimes until cockerowing. In London, in addition to the bonfires on the eve of St. John, as well as upon the eve of St. Peter and St. Paul, every man's door was shaded with green birch, long fennel, St. John's Wort, orpin, and white lilies, and ornamented with garlands of beautiful flowers. The citizens had also lamps of glass with oil burning in them all night, and some of them hung out branches of iron curiously wrought and containing hundreds of lamps burning at once, which gave them a very curious appearance. (Stow.)

The setting of the watch on St. John's Eve at Chester was attended with a pageant, which is expressly said to be according to ancient custom, the procession consisting of "four giants, one unicorn, one dromedary, one luce, one camel, one ass, one dragon (the dragons hattyd nothing more than the styncke of brenyng bonys), six hobby horses, and sixteen naked boys." (Harl. MS., circa 1564.) Leland mentions that the custom is practised in some parts of Lincolnshire, where, on peculiar days, they make great fires in the public streets with bones, in memory of burning their dead. In the Royal Household

Book of Henry VIII., under the date of June 23, we read: "Item to the making of a Bonefayer on Midsummer Eve, xs." It was a custom (in Northumberland) to dress out stools with a cushion of flowers; a layer of clay was placed on the stool, and therein was stuck with great regularity an arrangement of flowers to form a cushion. These were exhibited at the doors of houses in the villages, and at ends of streets and cross lanes of larger towns, where the attendants begged money from passengers to enable them to have an evening feast and dancing. The custom survived through mediaeval times in pilgrims' crosses and shrines at the meeting of roads.

T. R. MORROW, Tottenham.

It was a custom in Sunderland when I was a boy to light fires in most of the streets on Midsummer night. The fires were made of coal, wood, and old timber, and of whatever would burn—even unto an empty tar barrel. When lighted it was the custom for women, lads, lasses, and bairns to leap over or through the flames, and continue to do so as long as they had the wherewithal to replenish the fire. The custom arose, I believe, from the Druidical Beltain, which fire was lighted on the 21st June.

FRIDAY, Cullercoats.

Border Thiebes.

NORTHUMBRIANS of to-day, it would appear, according to Mackenzie, are the descendants of Saxons mixed with Danes and what remained of the ancient Celtic inhabitants, all enriched by the blood of the warlike Normans. It is wrong to suppose that the Britons were entirely expatriated from Northumberland; for, as few women were brought over from Saxony by the new comers, the latter, who succeeded the Romans, intermarried, of course, with the natives. It was the more warlike part of the Northumbrian Britons only, says the historian, that retired before the Saxons into Wales and Cumberland.

Six hundred years afterwards, in the eleventh century, many of the Saxon, now Anglo-Saxon, families of Northumbria had to fly themselves from the exterminating sword of the Conqueror to the Scottish Borders, with not a few of the Norman adventurers, whom discontent and intestine feuds had driven into exile. They brought with them arts both of peace and war unknown in Scotland, and among their descendants were numbered the most powerful Border chiefs. Actuated by the most implacable hatred against the Norman usurpers, they harassed them with perpetual and wasteful inroads, and hence the Borders

became the stage upon which were presented the most memorable conflicts of two gallant nations.

This general feeling of hostility was cherished by such of the aboriginal Britons as still retained possession of their wilds, forests, and mountains. The Celtic system of septs, or clans, for which these districts were distinguished, remained until the Union. The Saxon and Norman settlers seem to have adopted this peculiarity of the native inhabitants with as much readiness as if they had descended from Galgacus or Cadwallader. The riches of a Border chief consisted of his extensive herds and flocks, which were consumed in the rude hospitality of his castle. The youngest and most active warriors of the clan resided constantly with their chief. If any of his clansmen sustained injury, he was obliged to seek revenge and defend "all his name, kindred, maintainers, and upholders." On the other hand, the chief of the clan from whom the injury had proceeded was equally bound in honour to retaliate whatever injury the opposite party might inflict in their thirst for vengeance. This species of ferocious animosity was termed a *deadly feud*.

The martial clans of the Borders were always prepared and eager for war. At the blaze of their beacons they hastened to the place of rendezvous, alike prepared for attack or defence, while the mountains echoed with the *Slogan*, or *Slughorn*, the war-cry, or gathering word, of their clan. Thus in "The Raid of Reidswire"—

Then raise the Slogan with ane shout,
Fy, Tindall to it! Jedburgh's here.

Their usual and secret incursions were, however, marked with the desire for spoil rather than for slaughter. Bloodshed was generally avoided, as it occasioned a deadly feud between two clans, whereas the abstraction of property was only considered a trivial provocation.

The Borderers, whether English or Scotch, were equally wily, active, and rapacious. The rapine by which they subsisted they accounted lawful and honourable. Insecurity rendered them indifferent to agriculture, and—

The tooming faulds, or sweeping of a glen,
Had still been held the deeds of gallant men.

Their cattle, which was their chief property, being nightly exposed to depredations, robbery assumed the appearance of fair reprisal. Living under chiefs by whom this predatory warfare was countenanced, and sometimes headed, they appear to have had little knowledge of the light in which their actions were regarded by the Legislature, and the various statutes and regulations made against their incursions remained in most cases a dead letter. Indeed, the impolitic severity of the laws intended to change their manners and habits of life seems to have diminished the little affection they might feel for the proper country to which they belonged. So little did they regard their allegiance that it was the same thing to the Borderers whether they preyed upon

the opposing frontier or on their own countrymen. The men of Tindale and Reedsdale, in particular, appear to have been more frequently tempted by the rich vales of the Bishopric of Durham, and other districts which lay to the southward, than by the rude desolation of the Scottish hills.

Men living in so rude a state of society, it may be easily supposed, had little religion. The usurpation of the Scottish Crown by Edward I. augmented the savage spirit of hostility, and various religious houses, which the piety of an earlier age had founded on the Borders, were repeatedly destroyed and laid waste. Thus the administration of religious rites became unusual and irregular in these wild districts. Uncanonical churchmen sometimes attended the warlike Borderers, as Friar Tuck is said to have done upon Robin Hood, partook of their spoils, and mingled with the relics of barbarism the rites and ceremonies of the Christian church. Richard Fox, Bishop of Durham, in a pastoral monition, dated some time between the years 1490 and 1498, complains that the rites and sacraments of the Church were administered by irregular and dissolute clergymen to the thieves, robbers, murderers, and depredators of the Reed and Tyne. Many of the offenders, it seems, of the clans of Charlton, Robson, Tod, Hunter, and others, were excommunicated by the bishop. The penance annexed to their release from spiritual censure was a prohibition from wearing the *jack* and head-piece; riding a horse of above six shillings and eightpence value; and entering a church or chapel fully armed, or conversing in these hallowed precincts. But this was an extraordinary exertion of clerical authority. Cressingham, a priest, never wore any coat but the iron one in which he was killed; and a Bishop of Carlisle was so turbulent that the king, to restrain him, deprived him of the livings of Penrith and Simonburn.

The Northumbrian Borderers were held aliens by the "good men of Newcastle." According to a corporation regulation, no burgess should take for his apprentice a youth from the dales of Reed or Tyne. The wild manners of these dalesmen are thus described by Grey in his "Chorographia, or Survey of Newcastle," published in 1549:—

There is many dales, the chief are Tynedale and Reedsdale, a country that William the Conqueror did not subdue, retaining to this day the ancient laws and customs (according to the County of Kent), whereby the lands of the father is equally divided at his death amongst all his sonnes. These Highlanders are famous for thieving; they are all bred up and live by theft. They came down from these dales into the low countreys, and carry away horses and cattell so cunningly, that it will be hard for any to get them or their cattell, except they be acquainted with some master thiefe, who for some money (which they call *saufey-money*) may help them to their stollen goods, or deceive them. There is many every yere brought in of them into the goale of Newcastle, and at the Assizes are condemned and hanged, sometimes twenty or thirty. They forfeit not their lands—(according to tenure in gavelkind)—"the father to *bough*, the sonne the plough."

A condemned "cattell thiefe" on the gallows, one of a

Border clan, is made by Sir David Lindsay, in a drama, to take leave of his companions in iniquity thus:—

Adieu, my brother Annan thieves,
That helped me in my mischieves;
Adieu Crossars, Nicksons, and Bells,
Oft have we fared through the fells;
Adieu Robsons, Hanslies, and Pyles,
That in our craft have many wiles;
Littles, Trumbells, and Armstrongs,
Adieu all thieves that me belongs;
Taylors, Eurwings, and Edwards,
Speedy of foot, and light of hands;
The Scotts of Ewesdail and the Greames,
I have na time to tell your names;
With king correction be ye fangit,
Believe right sure ye will be hangit.

N. E. R., Fence Houses.

St. Godric, the Hermit of Finchale.

WHAT remains of the Church and Priory of Finchale stands in a lovely and sequestered spot on the banks of the river Wear, about three miles north of Durham. The river winds round the site, which is a comparatively level haugh, while the opposite banks rise from the water's edge precipitous and steep, and clad with the luxuriant foliage of "the hanging woods of Cocken." The venerable ruins, sleeping in the sun which has shone on them now for some seven hundred years, the adjoining farm buildings with their suggestion of pastoral life, and the beauties of the surrounding landscape, form a scene of rare and pathetic beauty.

The Priory was founded in 1196 by Henry, son of the famous Bishop Pudsey of Durham, the foundation being for a prior and eight monks. The church originally consisted of a nave and side aisles, a chancel and transept. At the intersection of the nave and transept are four massive circular columns, with octagonal capitals, which supported a low tower and octagonal spire on pointed arches. In one of the columns is a winding staircase. The cloisters, refectory, and prior's lodging ranged along the south side of the church, where their remains are still to be seen. In 1436, various alterations were made. The side aisles were removed, the four pointed arches which ran along each side of the nave were walled up, and a window was inserted in each. The masonry of these new parts, as can still be readily observed, was very much inferior to that of the original building. "In September, 1832," says Mackenzie, "an excavation was made in the rubbish (in some places eight or nine feet deep) from one end of the transept to the other, laying bare part of the original floor, as well as the bases of two of the centre pillars, the foundations of three altars, the remains of a tomb of the Norman period, and several specimens of paving tiles of various colours. From this passage another was

made to the high altar, attended with equally interesting results."

We must, however, go back to a period before the building of the Priory and Church to reach the most interesting part of the history of Finchale. It was a place of some importance in Saxon times, as we read of a Synod for the regulation of Church discipline and manners being held here in the year 792, and of another in 810; but it was not until about 1104 or 1107 that Saint Godric made it the place of his abode, and he is certainly the most interesting personage connected with the place. A native of Walpole, in Norfolk, Godric was in his younger days a pedlar, and travelled with his pack from fair to fair. Being of an adventurous disposition, he not only travelled his native country, but also made journeys into Scotland, Flanders, and Denmark. On his way to and from the latter country, he was accustomed to visit the Abbey of Lindisfarne, the cradle of Christianity in Northumberland, and the tales of the monks concerning the life and miracles of Saint Cuthbert so inflamed his devotion that he made a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. After his return, it is said he was advised by Saint Cuthbert, in a dream, to repair once more to the Holy Land. This he accordingly did. After washing his feet in the river Jordan, he there left his shoes, and made a vow to go barefoot for the rest of his life. On his return to England, he took up his abode as a hermit at Finchale, where he lived for sixty-three years. About 1118, his hermitage was granted by Bishop Flambard to the monastery of Durham, subject to Godric's life, who should hold it of them, and after his death it was to be inhabited by such of their brethren as they might appoint.

The story of Godric's life here is thus told by Hegg:—"At Finchale, he built his cell of thatch, dedicating it to the Virgin Mary, where he lived 63 yeares, in that heate of devotion that he would stand whole winter nights praying up to the neck in the river that ran by his cell; which so angered the devill that one time he stole away his clothes that lay on the bankside; but, spying him, he brought him back with a *Pater* and an *Ave-Maria*, and, forcing the devill to be just against his will, made him restore them, though his apparell was soe coarse that the devill (the thief) would scarce have worn them; for his jerkin was of iron, of which he had worn out three in the tyme of his hermitage; a strange coat, whose stuffe had the ironmonger for the draper, and a smith for the taylor. Neither was his lodging softer than his coat, who had a stone for his pillow, and the ground for his bed; but his diet was as coarse as either: for to repent both within and without, as his shirt was of sackcloth, soe half the meal that made him bread was ashes. An angell sometimes played the sexton and rang his bell to awake him to his Nocturnes, who, for want of beads, used to number his prayers with pebble

stones. The devill, Proteus-like, used to transforme himself into shapes before him, which rather made him sport than affrighted him, which soe provoked the devill that, as he sate by his fyre, he gave Goodrick such a boxe on the ear, that had he not recovered himselfe with the sign of the crosse he had feld him downe. He had the Psalter continually handing on his little finger, which with use was ever after crooked. Thus, after he had acted all the miracles of a legend, he ended his scene in the year 1170."

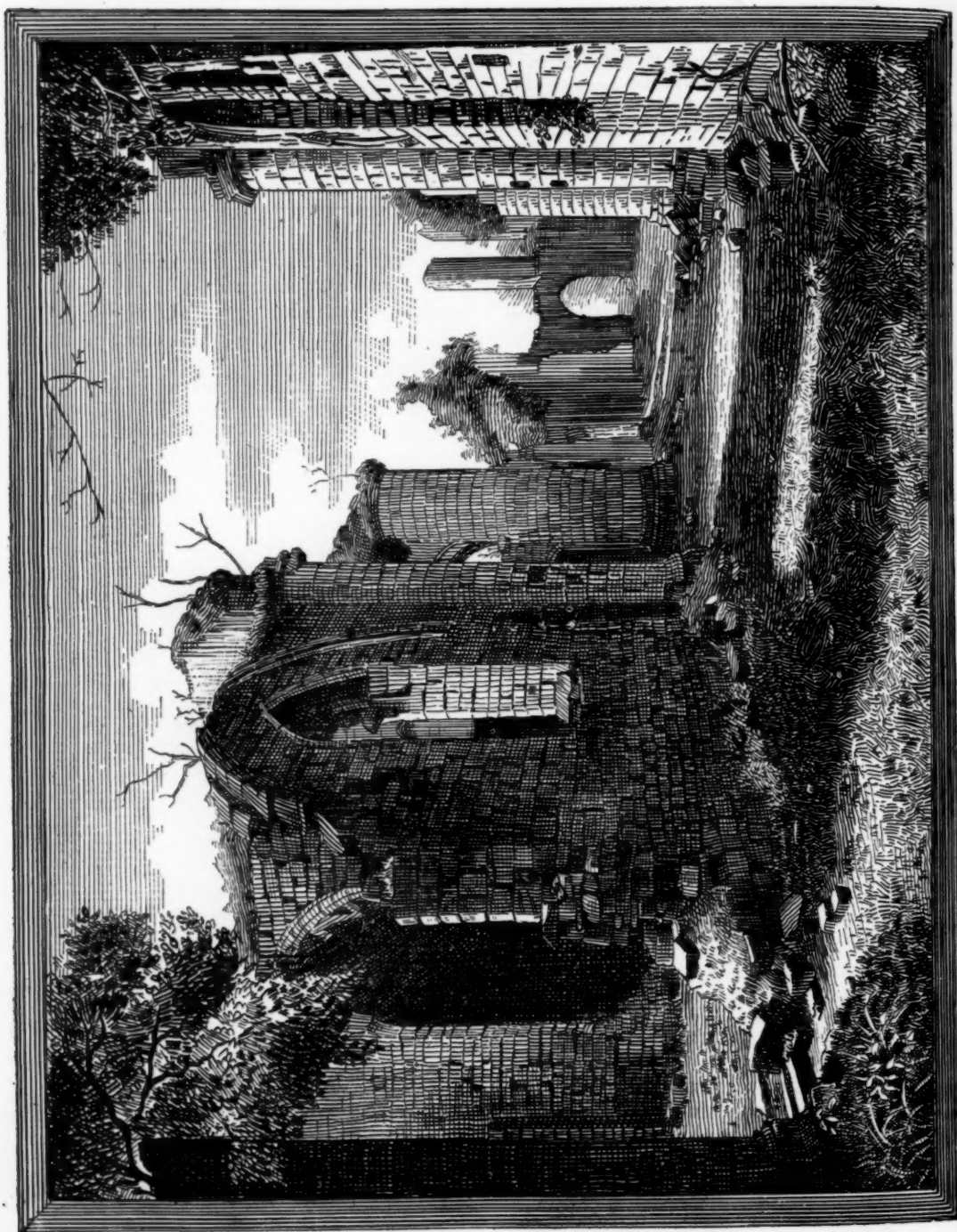
R. J. C.

Lindisfarne Cathedral.

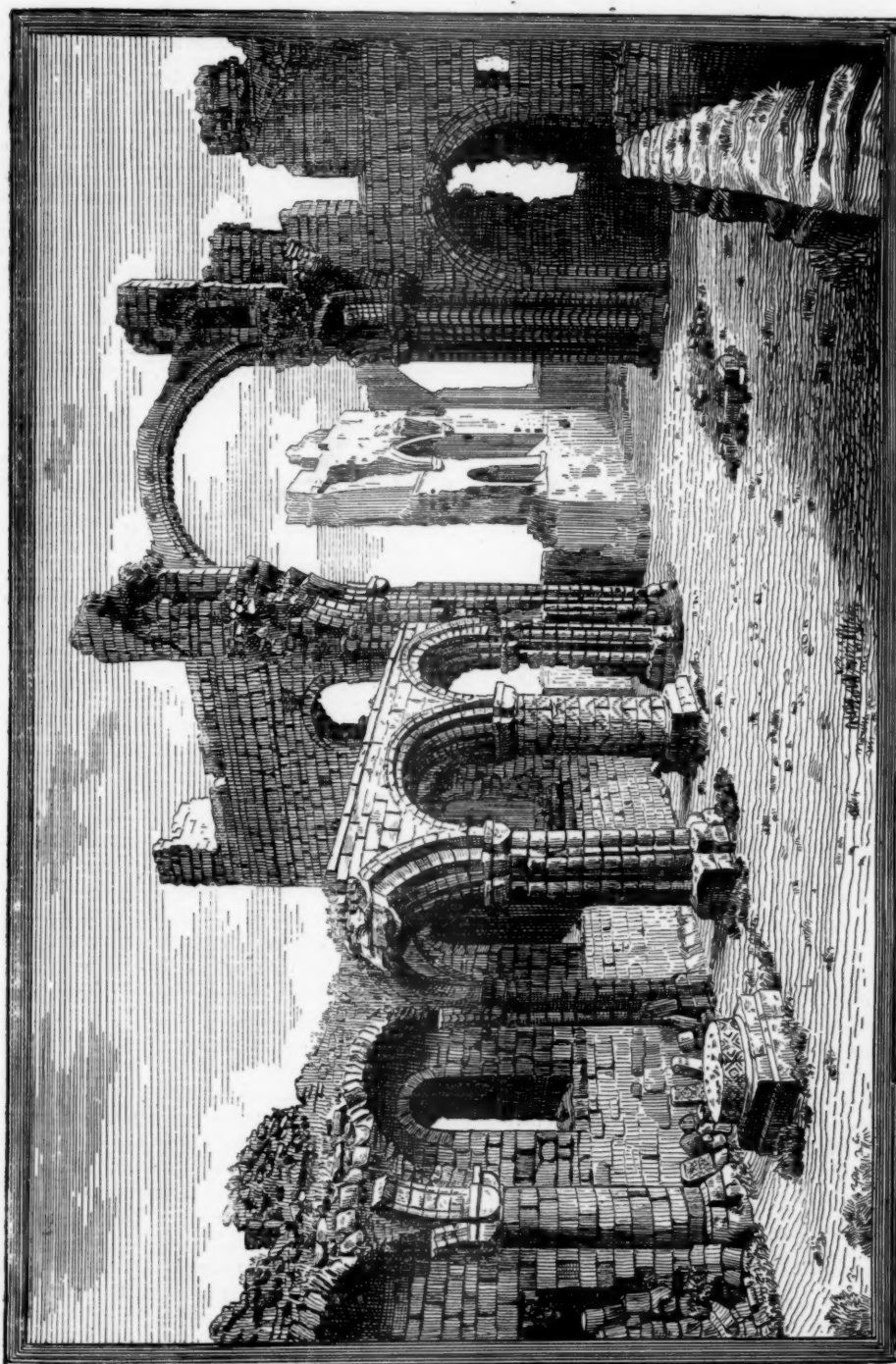


GENERATION for the memory of Saint Cuthbert induced Bishop Carilef, in 1093, to pull down the old Cathedral of Durham, and commence the building of the present magnificent structure, because "he thought the church that Aldwin built was too little for so great a Saint." Doubtless the same feeling caused him to destroy Aidan's original Cathedral Church of Lindisfarne, and to erect on its site the stately building whose ruins still grace Holy Island; for, if Durham was sacred (in his eyes) to the memory of the great Northumbrian Saint as holding his body after death, equally so must have been the little island of the North-East Coast as being his abiding place in life and the scene of no small part of his labours.

The ancient Bishopric of Lindisfarne was founded in the reign of King Oswald, who, seeing that Northumbria had lapsed from the state of Christianity established by Paulinus and King Edwin into idolatry, sent to Iona for spiritual aid. Aidan, one of the monks of the western isle, was consecrated bishop and sent to Northumbria to attempt the reconversion of its inhabitants. On the island of Lindisfarne, under the protection of the Royal Castle of Bamborough, he built his monastery and church dedicated to St. Peter, and commenced the work which was continued by his successors. Sixth of these was St. Cuthbert. Bede tells how, as a young man, he became a monk of Melrose, and at length abbot of that famous monastery, which he left to become Prior of Lindisfarne. After holding this latter office for twelve years, Cuthbert retired to a little cell and oratory on one of the Farne Islands, where he led a solitary life of devotion and meditation, totally separated from the world. This lasted for nine years, at the expiration of which he heard, much to his sorrow, that he had been unanimously elected Bishop of Hexham. This see, however, he was allowed to exchange for that of Lindisfarne, having a strong predilection for the latter place. We have no space to tell of his good deeds during the two years of his Bishopric, after which he returned to his lonely island cell to



FINCHALE PRIORY.



LINDISFARNE CATHEDRAL.

die, in the year A.D. 687; but so highly was his memory esteemed that no less than forty chapels and churches were dedicated in his honour, and King Alfred even had his name stamped upon the coin of the realm. He became the patron saint of Northumbria. Often did his name raise the enthusiasm of the men of the North, and often did his banner lead them to victory.

Our illustration shows the present state of the ruins of Lindisfarne Cathedral. There is no trace of Saxon masonry to be seen, the original building having been totally removed by Ædward, the architect sent from Durham by Bishop Carilef to plan and build the new church. In our view, we see the nave and the remains of the beautiful and massive columns dividing it from the north aisle. These columns, it will be observed, are in character very similar to those of Durham Cathedral. We see also the small remaining portion of the centre tower, with one of its transverse ribs still in position. This rib is 24 feet span and 44 feet from the ground, and generally goes amongst the country people by the name of "The Hanging Ruins." Through beneath it we see the chancel. The pointed windows visible were added when Ædward's chancel was lengthened, about the period when Early English was growing into Early Decorated. Great portions of the cathedral have been plundered to supply material for the building of houses in the village. The monastery has disappeared altogether, and from its ruins the present parish church of St. John, which stands a short distance west of the cathedral, has been erected.

R. J. C.

St. Cuthbert and the Fair Sex.

The recent pilgrimage to Lindisfarne, in commemoration of the twelfth centenary of St. Cuthbert, in which ladies took a prominent part, recalls to memory the reputed fact that the saint had a rooted dislike to women, being, in fact, what classical scholars call a misogynist.

It is written in a book entitled "Of the Coming of St. Cuthbert into Scotland [England], taken out of the Scottish Histories," quoted by Patrick Sanderson, in his "Antiquities of Durham Abbey," that the reason why women were not allowed to come within the abbey gates at Durham, or within the precincts of the holy house, was a foul scandal which was raised against the saint during his life, and which he never forgave. The legend is as follows:—

Blessed St. Cuthbert, for a long time, led a most recluse life, in the borders of the Picts, at which place a great concourse of people daily attended him, and from whom, by the providence and grace of God, none ever returned without great comfort and consolation. This caused both old and young to resort to him, as they took great pleasure both in seeing and hearing him. In which time it happened that the daughter of the king of that province was got with child by some young man in her father's house. The king, perceiving her pregnancy, diligently examined her who was the author of that fact;

whereupon she made this answer:—"That solitary young man who dwelleth hard by is he who hath overcome me, and by whose beauty I am thus deceived." Whereupon the king, furiously enraged, presently repaired to the hermit's place, with his daughter, attended by divers knights, where he instantly accosted the servant of God in this manner:—"What, art thou he who, under the colour of religion, profanest the temple and sanctuary of God? Art thou he who, under the cloak and profession of an hermit, exercisest thyself in all filthiness? Behold my daughter, whom thou by thy wiles hast corrupted. Therefore, now at last, confess this thy fault, and plainly declare here, before this company, in what sort thou hast seduced her." The king's daughter, marking the fierce speeches of her father, very impudently stepped forth, and boldly affirmed that it was he [Cuthbert] who had done that wicked fact. At which the young man, greatly amazed, perceiving that this calumny proceeded from the instigation of the devil (wherewith he was brought into great perplexity) applied his whole heart unto Almighty God, saying as followeth:—"My Lord, my God, who only knowest and art the discoverer of all secrets, make manifest also this work of iniquity, and by some token disprove the same, which, though it cannot be done by human policy, make it known by some divine token." When the young man, with great lamentations and tears unutterable, had spoken these words, even suddenly, and in the same place where she stood, the earth, making a hissing noise, presently opened, and swallowed her up in the presence of all the spectators. This place is called Corwen, where she for her corruption was conveyed down into hell. As soon as the king perceived this miracle to happen in the presence of all his company, he began to be greatly tormented in his mind, fearing lest for his furious threats he should incur the same punishment. Whereupon he, with his company, humbly craved pardon of Almighty God, with a further petition to that good man St. Cuthbert, that by his prayers he would crave of God to have his daughter again; which petition the holy father granted, upon condition that from thence no woman should come near him. Whence it came to pass that the king did not suffer any woman to enter into any church dedicated to that saint, which to this day is duly observed in all the churches of the Picts which were dedicated to that holy man.

Sanderson tells us that at one of the entrances into Durham Cathedral there was "between the pillar on the north side, wherein the holy water stone stood, and the opposite pillar on the south side, a row of blue marble, in the midst whereof was a cross of the same coloured marble, in token that all women who came to hear divine service should not be suffered to come above the said cross; and if it happened that any woman came above it, into the body of the church, she was instantly punished for certain days, as an example to deter others from doing the like, because no woman should presume to come where the holy man St. Cuthbert was, for the reverence they had to his sacred body."

Hugh de Pudsey, nephew of King Stephen, translated to Durham in 1153, "considering the diligence of his predecessors in building the cathedral church, finished but a few years before his time, and no chapel being then erected to the Blessed Virgin, whereunto it should be lawful for women to have access, began to erect a new work at the east angle of the said cathedral, for which several pillars of marble were brought from beyond the sea; and the work being advanced to a small height, began, through great cliffs visible therein, to fall down; whence it manifestly appeared unacceptable to God and holy St. Cuthbert, especially for the access women were

to have so near his feretory; whereupon that work was left off, and a new one begun and soon finished, at the west end of the said church; into which it was lawful for women to enter, there being before no holy place where they might have admittance for their comfort and consolation."

This chapel, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, received the name of the Galilee. It was used for various purposes in the olden time; public penitents were stationed in it; dead bodies were there deposited previous to interment; religious processions were formed there; and it was only there that the female relatives of the monks were allowed to converse with them, or even to attend divine service. The chapel received its name from the circumstance that when a female made an application to see a monk she was directed to it in the words of Scripture, "He goeth before you into Galilee; there you shall see him!"

The idea that the saint would on no account suffer a woman near where he lay was kept up, we believe, till the Reformation. Many curious incidents concerning it are recorded. Thus we are told that a woman named Sungeona, wife of Gamelus, who passed through the cemetery of St. Cuthbert in order to avoid the puddles of the streets, was so punished for her audacity that she died the same night. Another woman, who also ventured across the cemetery, was so affected that she cut her throat!

Not the least interesting of these occurrences is related somewhat as follows:—About Easter, 1333, when King Edward III. was in Durham on his march northwards into Scotland, to gain the victory of Halldown Hill, he took up his lodgings in the priory; and when, a few days after, his Queen Philippa came from Knaresborough to meet him, she, being unacquainted with the custom of the church, went through the abbey gates to the priory, and, after supping with the king, retired to rest. This alarmed the monks, one of whom went to the king, and intimated to him that St. Cuthbert had a mortal aversion to the presence of a woman. Unwilling to give any offence to the Church, Edward immediately ordered the queen to rise. Philippa, hastily obeying orders, returned by the gate through which she had entered, went to the castle clad in her under garments only, and most devoutly asked pardon for the crime she had inadvertently committed. According to another version of the story, it was the saint himself who got up out of his grave to protest against the queen's intrusion.

Particulars of a later instance of feminine curiosity and punishment are contained in an order from the Bishop of Durham, dated September 18, 1417, to the parochial chaplains of the churches of St. Nicholas and All Saints, Newcastle, enjoining penance upon two women—Matilda Burgh and Margaret Usher, servants to Peter Baxter—who had entered Durham Cathedral "clad in men's

clothes." The chaplain of All Saints afterwards certified that Matilda and Margaret had fully performed the said penance in going around the church "according to the manner and form imposed upon them."

St. Cuthbert's Burial Place.

The following notes upon this subject will perhaps be of value:—

"A curious ancient MS. is now [1806] in the possession of the Rev. Dr. John Milner, F.S.A. (a titular Catholic bishop), whose existence and history have been traced to the time of St. Cuthbert, of Durham, who died in the 6th century; consequently it must be more than 1,200 years old. The existence of this manuscript, and the particulars of the funeral of St. Cuthbert, are contained in a document in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, in which the secret relative to his interment is said to be entrusted to three friars, at the death of one of whom it is to be entrusted to another, and thus transmitted to the latest posterity, but is always to be known only by three friars. The Roman characters of the above manuscript are all in capital letters."—(*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1806.)

"The writer of these pages has been favoured with the following information from one of the monks, the depositories of the secret: that, according to the tradition which has descended to them, the body of St. Cuthbert was buried under the shrine in the reign of Henry VIII., and was taken up again during the reign of Queen Mary; that the Catholic clergy, previous to their expulsion under Queen Elizabeth, buried many things which they esteemed sacred in the vault, under the place where the shrine had stood, but, for greater security, deposited the saint's body in a vault in a different part of the church, and that the secret was communicated to the restorers of the English Benedictine Congregation by some of those who had actually been employed in this removal. The spot itself is distinctly marked in a plan of the cathedral which they keep, but that spot they are under an oath of secrecy not to disclose."—(Dr. Lingard's "Remarks on the 'Saint Cuthbert' of the Rev. James Raine, M.A.," 1828, p. 59.)

In 1850, communications on the subject appeared in *Notes and Queries*, when J. R. N. wrote as follows:—"There is a tradition of the Benedictines (of whose Monastery the Cathedral was part) that, on the accession of Elizabeth, the monks, who were apprehensive of further violence, removed the body in the night time from the place where it had been buried to some other part of the building. This spot is known only to three persons, brothers of the order; and it is said that there are three persons who have this knowledge now, as communicated from previous generations. But a discovery was made in 1827 of the remains of a body in the centre of the spot where the shrine stood, with various relics of a very early

period, and it was asserted to be the body of St. Cuthbert."

A search was made, as lately as in the year 1867, in Durham Cathedral, for the body of St. Cuthbert, under peculiar circumstances. There had been a tradition (as the above extracts show) that the exact burial-place was known to three members of monastic institutions, but the supposed secret gradually became almost public property. A gentleman in Gateshead (Mr. Swinburne) furnished Archdeacon Prest with a copy of an old document recording the tradition in the following terms :—"Infra Saxeos gradus tertio et secundo ducentis et ascendentis ad clochim turram jacet thesaurus pretiosis, corpus Sancti Cuthberti." The dean at once caused a search to be made at the spot indicated, but nothing was found. There is, however, a theory which may yet prove the traditional secret to be correct. In 1540, the bells were hung in the western tower, and forty years after they were removed and hung in the central tower. The reference, "*ad clochim turram*," may indicate that it was the stairs of the north-western tower, and not those of the present central tower, which cover the body of the saint. Mr. Ebdy, the architect, according to the *Durham Chronicle* of September 24th, 1867, found that the stairs leading to the north-western tower are approached by two external steps, about 11 inches by 9 inches. Both of these steps have been cut away in the centre, evidently for some purpose, and afterwards inserted; and the joint appears to have been cut by an unskilled hand in haste; and this, in Mr. Ebdy's opinion (if the secret is not a fabrication), is, in all probability, the exact spot where the remains of St. Cuthbert are interred.—(See *Morning Post*, June 20, 1887, for a review of Archbishop Eyre's "History of St. Cuthbert," which contains an account of the search made in 1867.)

In *Notes and Queries*, during 1874, the subject was further ventilated. D. P., Stuart's Lodge, Malvern Wells, referring to the then supposed divulgence of the secret by the secession from the Church of Rome of Mr. Swinburne, says :—"The very few with whom, from time to time, the secret is lodged, always hold their tongues. They never speak on the subject. I have had the happiness to live in friendly and intimate relations with the Benedictine monks of the English province a great part of my life. The secret is kept inviolably, and St. Cuthbert waits his day. I was once in company with one of those who had the secret—long since gone to join his great patron before God. I was afterwards told, by a monk of the order, that his friend and mine had never been at Durham till after he became entrusted with the secret; but his secret directions were so perfect that on entering the building he at once walked to the place."

S. F. L., Norton.

More about Early Booksellers on the Tyne.

By James Clephan.



MARTIN BRYSON, friend of Allan Ramsay, was among the more eminent of the booksellers on Tyne Bridge. Everybody knows the rhyming address written by the author of the "Gentle Shepherd" on a letter which he posted in Edinburgh :—

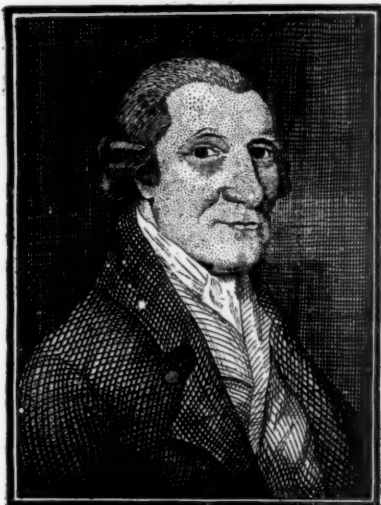
To Martin Bryson on Tyne Brig.
An upright, downright, honest Whig.

Bryson was admitted to the freedom of the Upholsterers, Tinplate Workers, and Stationers' Company of Newcastle, July 25, 1726. He was standing behind his counter, with the tide ebbing and flowing below his feet, when the restless Jacobites unfurled the standard of rebellion in 1745, and when a quiet householder was opening a "school at the end of Denton Chare, opposite the Pant in the West Gate." The exact whereabouts of his shop is fixed by a newspaper paragraph of 1750, recording the outbreak of a fire in the night of the 24th July, when the bookseller was absent from home. Beginning in a cellar-warehouse in the Close, adjoining the bridge, the flames involved his premises, which must therefore have been on the west side and towards the north end of the thoroughfare over the river. No wharf or quay ran by the side of the river above the bridge; clustering buildings overhung the tide; and to reach the fire for its extinction was as difficult as it was hazardous. The flaming warehouse was under Bryson's house and shop; and his endangered household had hardly escaped into safety before the floors fell into the fiery furnace. It was one of the most destructive conflagrations that had burnt its mark in the annals of Newcastle. Half-a-score houses perished, and many warehouses; and the loss was estimated at £10,000, about a third of which sum was covered by insurance. Bryson had been in business from the early days of George I. In the year 1722, there was "printed by John White, for J. Button, R. Akenhead, and M. Bryson, booksellers on Tyne Bridge," a collection of "Occasional Hymns," made by Benjamin Bennet, minister of the congregation in the Close "without the walls," then meditating a removal to Hanover Square. Martin Bryson also, with William Charnley and James Fleming, published on the bridge the first Infirmary Sermon—that of 1751.

William Charnley,* son of a haberdasher in Penrith, was one of the many apprentices reared by Martin Bryson. On the 8th of January, 1741, at the age of 14, the Cumberland youth was bound for seven years to Joseph Longstaffe, tinplate-worker. No brother of the

* The portrait of William Charnley, taken at the age of 72, is from a miniature by Murphy. (See next page.)

company could take a new apprentice until three years had elapsed from the indenture of the last. Perchance Bryson's youngest had not been with him so long. At any rate, the youthful Charnley was first bound to a tinplate-worker, and then, about three weeks afterwards, turned over to the bookseller with the consent of the threefold company. Such solutions of difficulties arising out of the restrictions of the incorporated companies seem to have been not uncommon in the olden time. "Facts are chieft that



WILLIAM CHARNLEY.

winna ding," but rules and regulations may give way, and the world go all the more smoothly forward for their courtesy. Charnley was to be a bookseller, not a tinsmith; and in the beginning of 1768, having had his apprenticeship enlivened by the revolt of 1745, and his store of remembrances for old age enlarged by its picturesque incidents, he was admitted to his freedom, and thereafter remained with his master as a journeyman. But in 1750 he was received into partnership; and in 1755, after about forty years of bookselling on the bridge, the senior member of the firm retired in his favour, and subsequently went to reside in Stockton-upon-Tees. There, on the 15th of August, 1759, Bryson died, under the roof of the Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Andrew Blackie, at the age of 75 (Mrs. Blackie being the bookseller's niece).

With the year 1757, William Charnley began a circulating library. Preparations had been on foot for the opening day since the middle of November, 1756. The *Newcastle Journal* had had a whisper of Charnley and Company's purpose, and confided the secret to the public ear. "In a commodious shop at the foot of the Flesh Market," which then stretched far away down to the

churchyard of St. Nicholas, "two thousand volumes" were to be placed at the command of subscribers of 12s. a year or 3s. a quarter. The enterprise was commendable, but Joseph Barber had led the way. He had lent books on the High Bridge, at the other end of the Flesh Market, in 1746; and now, in 1757, at Amen Corner, near St. Nicholas's Churchyard, he had 1,257 volumes on loan. His was the "old original" library of circulation, and on the appearance of a rival he announced an annual subscription of 10s., and a quarterly payment of half-a-crown. The Charnley library passed eventually into the hands of Richard Fisher, bookseller and parish clerk of St. Nicholas's; and after his death it was purchased by Robert Sands, and added to his already large accumulation in the Bigg Market. Famous was the circulating library of Sands, and much frequented for many years was his well-known shop. But all things come to an end, and the Bigg Market centre of attraction was no exception. The time came when the circulation ceased and the books were dispersed.

There is a story of William Charnley which might well enough be omitted, so universally is it known; and yet, if we were to pass it over, it might be supposed that we formed an exception to the rule, and were unacquainted with the anecdote. Afflicted with deafness, the bookseller of the days of George II. and III. softened his infirmity by the use of an ear-trumpet; and, having one day asked his way, beyond the walls of Newcastle, of a pitman who had never seen the contrivance before, he clapped the instrument to his ear to catch the answer. "Nay, man!" cried the collier, with the air of one too wide-awake to be imposed upon, "thoo's not gan te mak me believe thoo can play that trumpet wi' thy lug!" So the story goes; but it also goes in other ways.

William Charnley conducted his business on old Tyne Bridge till it fell, and by its fall brought embarrassment to the tradesmen who were thus summarily ejected. The flood of 1771 broke down the arches, wrecked the superstructure, and ruined the houses and shops of the narrow thoroughfare. Mercery and millinery, soft goods and hardware, sunk into the waters, and were swallowed up in the inundation. Not until two years had elapsed from the time of the calamity was Charnley in a condition to resume his vocation. In the first week of December, 1773, he apprises his old customers of his readiness to execute their orders once more. Describing himself as of "the Bridge End, Newcastle," he says that "by the kindness of his friends" he has been "enabled to begin business again." In 1777, when James Chalmers was opening his shop opposite the office of the Gateshead postmaster, Charnley was flitting from the northern approach of the bridge to a new shop at the foot of the Groat Market, where he died on the 9th of August, 1803, and was succeeded by his widow, and their youngest son, Emerson

Charnley. In the spring of 1806, "in consequence of the projected improvement in the town" (the construction of Collingwood Street), they removed to the Bigg Market, at the corner of the Pudding Chare. There, on the 28th of March, 1814, at the age of 72, died Mrs. Elizabeth Charnley; and Mr. Emerson Charnley succeeded to the sole proprietorship of a business with which he was so



long and honourably associated in living memory. A member of "the old corporation," he was elected to a seat in the new Town Council in 1835, standing second on the poll in St. John's. Few names were more familiar than his in the public life of Newcastle; "ever conspicuous for his advocacy of Liberal principles; whilst his mildness of manner, his steady friendship and kindness of disposition gained him numerous friends, and caused him to be greatly respected. Forty years passed away from the time of his sole succession; and then, on the 13th of August, 1845, he too died, leaving the business to his son and namesake, who retired in 1860, and was succeeded by Mr. William Dodd, chief manager of the establishment from the death of Mr. Charnley. Twelve years the business adhered to the Bigg Market; and then, in 1872, it was removed by Mr. Dodd, treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries, to a shop in New Bridge Street, where it was conducted till 1881.

The elaborate bookplate of James Fleming, one of the booksellers on the bridge, is headed by the motto, "*Audaces fortuna juvat.*" At the sign of the Bible, and by the side of the Magazine Gate, he sold all kinds of books, with wax and wafers, music and medicines, Roman rings and fiddle-strings, his advertisement closing with "the true spirits of scurvy-grass, golden, purging, and plain." His neighbour, Robert Akenhead, had the Bible and Crown over his door; and "any chapman," entering his shop, "might be furnished with the newest pictures, history books, ballads, and song books, at very reasonable rates." Tigers, Grasshoppers, and Peacocks

were among the cognizances of the old printers and booksellers; and when John Linn was established in the centre of Tyne Bridge in the early days of George II., John Locke's Head surmounted his shop.

Tyne Bridge had its many booksellers, and the Low Bridge was not without one. John Harrison, who in 1736 had become free by servitude, established himself in business under the shadows of St. Nicholas's, and sold books "at the Iron Warehouse on the Low Bridge." This ingenious tradesman "composed writing ink after a new method," and also dealt in "paste rolls for blacking shoes," while John Gooding, "at the new printing office in the Side," was advertising in the *Newcastle Journal* (1744) "an excellent chymical wash ball," for "beautifying the face, neck, and hands," "keeping the skin of a lasting whiteness and good colour," and "exceeding good for shaving" of "a most agreeable smell," and "might safely be eaten!" Gooding in the Burnt House Entry, Harrison at his Iron Warehouse by the Netherdean Bridge, and Joseph Barber at his Tea Warehouse in Amen Corner, dispensed literature and stationery to the inhabitants of Old Newcastle. There was also near the Low Bridge, in the reign of George II., the bookshop of Michael Turnbull, a member of whose family, Margaret Turnbull, opened a school for teaching young ladies "all sorts of Dresden, catgut, and plain work, in one of Mrs. Hall's new houses at the east side of St. Nicholas's Churchyard." On the removal of the Low Bridge for the formation of Dean Street, in 1788, Turnbull's widow, who was still carrying on the book-business, had to quit her premises, and took a neighbouring shop near the Side, in the narrow thoroughfare leading from the old viaduct to Pilgrim Street, where she remained till her death in 1810, and was succeeded, first by one of her daughters, and then by a second. Another bookseller in this part of the town was Henry Reed, whose shop at the foot of the Side was opened on the eve or the morrow of the rebellion of 1745. He was of a literary turn, and in 1754 published a list of the House of Commons in the fifth Parliament of George II., "carefully compiled from the best authorities" by his own hand, copies of which may be discovered by the curious in the libraries of collectors.

James Chalmers, bookseller, flooded out of his shop on Tyne Bridge, had to seek other quarters in common with his fellow-sufferers; and in 1777 he was "fitting up a new shop" at the south end of the restored viaduct, "opposite to the Gateshead post-office." The old proverb, "It's an ill wind," &c., had been verified to the sister borough. Hitherto a postal dependency of Newcastle, when the bridge fell it became necessary that it should have a post-office of its own. The intention was that the arrangement should be temporary; but, once acquired, Gateshead never lost its independent office. We have heard one of the "old standards," an "early bookseller," say, that as

the mail came daily down the long street after the fall of the bridge, the guard threw off the Gateshead bag before diverging to the ferry that crossed over to the Swirle; and there was then an eager scramble among the boys for the honour of bearing away the prize to the post-office by the river. It was a coveted privilege; and our venerable informant did not withhold from us the fact that it had often fallen to his own lot.

In his "Shadows of the Old Booksellers," Charles Knight, where he is speaking of the dawn of a new day—the day in which "the returns and the profits of cheap publications would be twentyfold those of books for the rich and luxurious"—calls before us the shade of James Lackington, author of "The Confessions," and founder of the "Temple of the Muses," at a corner of Finsbury Square, with "above half a million of volumes constantly on sale." The area of the establishment which could make this boast may be inferred not simply from the extent of its stock, but from the tradition of a stage coach having driven in at one door and out at the other! "If," says Knight, "the London booksellers of Lackington's time were afraid of low prices, how much more would the country booksellers dread this disturbance of their old habits of business! He gives us little information about their dealings in new works; but it was not likely to be very extensive, if we may judge from his account of the provincial trade in old books. In 1787, Lackington set off from London to Edinburgh, and was led from motives of curiosity, as well as with the view of making some valuable purchases, to examine the booksellers' shops. His disappointment is thus related:—'Although I went by the way of York, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, &c., and returned through Glasgow, Carlisle, Leeds, Lancaster, Preston, Manchester, and other considerable places, I was much surprised, as well as disappointed, at meeting with very few of the works of the most esteemed authors, and these few consisted in general of ordinary editions, beside an assemblage of common trifling books, bound in sheep, and that, too, in a very bad manner. It is true, at York and Leeds there were a few (and but very few) good books; but in all the other towns between London and Edinburgh nothing but trash was to be found. In the latter city, indeed, a few capital articles are kept, but in no other part of Scotland!' Lackington repeated his journey in 1790, with the same results."

That on Old Tyne Bridge, midway in the reign of George the Third, there was no shop through which Lackington could have been driven in the coach that bore him on his northern way, is more than probable. The old booksellers of Newcastle adapted their stocks to the circle of their customers, and could not vie with the "Temple of the Muses." Yet to say that "nothing but trash was to be found" on the Tyne was to indulge in exaggeration. A generation before Lackington was on

his tour, when George the Second was King, the Newcastle booksellers, as we can see by glimpses of their advertisements, were offering for sale the writings of Virgil and Horace, Shakspeare, Sidney, and Milton, Raleigh and Rapin, Clarke and Barrow, Patrick and Lowth, Bentley, Swift, Locke, and Pope. Buffon, Pennant, Evelyn, Cullen, Hunter, Blair, Ferguson, &c., occur among the books on sale at the shop of the proprietor of the *Newcastle Chronicle* in 1785, on the eve of Lackington's first visit to the town; in the year of his return, Bewick was publishing his "History of Quadrupeds," and William Charnley, as incidentally appears from a letter which he inserted in the newspapers in 1793, had among his stock of books "Grose's Antiquities of Scotland, two volumes, elegantly marbled and gilt, which were fixed at £6 16s. 6d. in the catalogue." The contemptuous fling of the London bookseller conveys an erroneous impression to the mind of the reader, and it is well that it should be removed, without substituting any exaggerated picture in its place. Not more than five years from the time of the London bookseller's latest visit, a Newcastle bookseller, John Bell, who had books new and old in store in Union Street, "in various languages, arts, science, &c.," was issuing a catalogue comprising Shakspeare, Evelyn, and Hogarth, with earlier productions of the press, published in 1458, 1479, and 1482, and "a complete collection of the different books printed by the celebrated J. Baskerville, of Birmingham." The traveller, therefore, "from Dan to Beersheba," who saw little but "trash" on the road, must not be taken too literally in his picture of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Harriet Martineau at Tynemouth.

MISS MARTINEAU, who had always been delicate, labouring from childhood under the infirmity of deafness, was possessed of a temperament which caused her to assume responsibilities beyond her physical strength. From an early age, the death of her father having left his widow and family in reduced circumstances, she resolved to make herself independent by literary exertion, and from the date of the appearance of her first important work in 1823, when she had just attained her majority, the series of her writings proceeded with little intermission for sixteen years, when a period of severe illness necessarily interrupted her labours, which, from the first, had been carried on under the disadvantage of constant ill-health. Too long a strain of work and anxiety broke down what little physical strength she had. During a visit which she paid to the Continent, the illness which had been making itself felt for

about a year prostrated her altogether. Kind nurses contrived a couch for her to lie on in the carriage, in which she was brought home by the straightest road. A passage was taken for her to London from Antwerp; and from her mother's house in Fludyer Street she was conveyed without delay to New-castle-on-Tyne, that she might be placed under the care of her brother-in-law, Mr. Greenhow. Here all possible care was taken of her for six months, during which she felt such an unspeakable longing for stillness and solitude, that it was at length decided that she should be removed to a lodging at Tynemouth.

She was accordingly driven down to Tynemouth on the 16th of March, 1840, and there she remained for nearly five years, till, to quote her own words, obedience to a



newly-discovered law of nature raised her up, and sent her forth into the world again for another ten years of strenuous work. She occupied two rooms on the first floor in the house of an honest woman named Halliday, overlooking the Prior's Haven. For many months after her retreat to Tynemouth, she rarely slept without starting from a dream in which she saw her mother falling from a precipice, or over the banisters, or from a cathedral spire, caused by her fault. These anxious cares wore her down to such an extent that she became subject to frequent attacks of faintness. Her friends urged that she should have recourse to change of scene as frequently as possible; but her habits and likings made moving about irksome. She was not aware how rapidly internal disease was gaining ground and breaking her down. For months or years before she was aware of it, a tumour was forming of a kind which usually originates in mental suffering; and when at last

she collapsed completely, and settled in her lodgings at Tynemouth, she felt that the lying down in solitude and silence, free from responsibility and domestic care, was a blessed change from the life she had led since her return from America in 1835.

The offer of a pension, proposed by Government in 1832, and then declined, on the honourable plea that she could accept nothing from a system of taxation which she had condemned, was now repeated by Lord Melbourne, and again declined. After the final settlement of this business, her friends set about raising a testimonial fund for her, and the sum realised, amounting to £1,400, was invested in long annuities. About the same time two generous ladies—sisters—sent, to her amazement, a bank note for £100, saying that her illness had probably interfered with the plans which they knew she had formed of a benevolent and charitable nature. This gift it was impossible to refuse, and the money was spent in such a way as the donors would have thoroughly approved, and was repaid with thanks when better times came round. Almost simultaneously, Lady Byron placed in the bank and at her disposal £100 for beneficent purposes; and, lest any possible injury should accrue to her from her straitened circumstances becoming known, her ladyship made the money payable to another person. These gifts made her, she tells us, "rich and happy." Besides monetary gifts, she was lavishly supplied with comforts and pleasures, such as an invalid can most keenly appreciate. Among other memorials preserved and prized were some presents from Miss Florence Nightingale.

Some dear old friends came one at a time and established themselves at an inn or in lodgings near her for weeks together, and spent such hours of the day with her as she could render fit for converse by means of opiates. Others stopped at Tynemouth in the midst of their journeys and gave her a day or two's pleasant gossip. Among her visitors were Lady Durham, Colonel Thompson, Richard Cobden, Miss Brontë, Henry Hallam, and Robert Chambers.

That her long illness, from 1839 to 1844, was not unfruitful of pure and deep experience to herself, and of a certain kind of wisdom, touching and helpful to those who need its suggestions, we have evidence in a volume published anonymously in 1843, entitled "Life in the Sick Room." This little book shows that she was indefatigable still in the exercise of her mental powers. She had plenty of time, of course, for mental introspection, and, looking out from her solitary sick chamber, she had no lack of sights to see, whether in calm or rough weather, by night or by day. Here is her own description of the view from the sick-room window (of which view we give a sketch, copied from an engraving published in her Autobiography):—

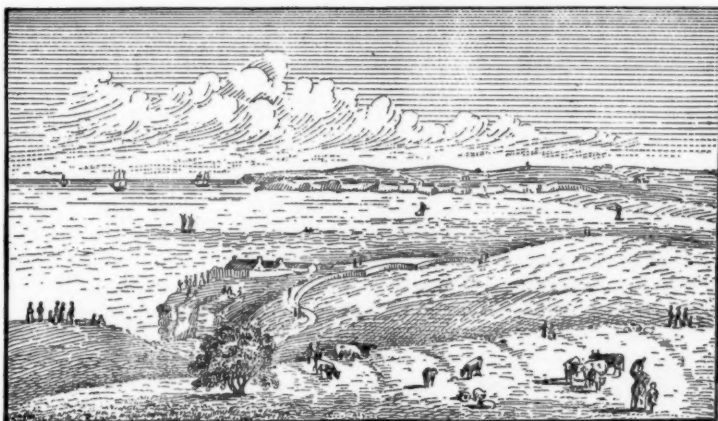
Between my window and the sea is a green down, as green as any field in Ireland; and on the

nearer half of this down, haymaking goes forward in its season. It slopes down to a hollow, where the prior of old preserved his fish, there being sluices formerly at either end, the one opening upon the river, and the other upon the little haven below the Priory, whose ruins still crown the rock. From the prior's fish pond, the green down slopes upwards again to a ridge; and on the slope are cows grazing all the summer, and half-way into the winter. Over the ridge, I survey the harbour and all its traffic, the view extending from the lighthouses, far to the right, to a horizon of sea to the left. Beyond the harbour lies another county, with, first, its sandy beach, where there are frequent wrecks—too interesting to an invalid—and a fine stretch of rocky shore to the left; and above the rocks, a spreading heath, where I watch troops of boys flying their kites; lovers and friends taking their breezy walk on Sundays; the sportsman with his gun and dog; and the washer-women converging from the farm-houses on Saturday evenings, to carry their loads in company to the village on the yet further height.

Miss Martineau was for some time waited upon in her lodging by a poor little orphan girl of fourteen—named Jane. She was the niece and dependant of the hostess, by whom she was scolded without mercy, and, as it seemed, incessantly. Her quiet and cheerful submission impressed Miss Martineau at once; she heard such a report of her from the lady who had preceded her in the lodgings, and who had known the child from early infancy, that she took an interest in her, studied her character from the outset, and eventually, when the girl had recovered her health, took her into her service as cook, in which situation she remained for seven years, when she emigrated to Australia.

About the middle period of Miss Martineau's illness, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton wrote to her earnestly suggesting that she should go to Paris to consult a somnambule about the precise nature and treatment of the disease under which she was labouring, and which no ordinary medical means seemed able to cope with. He said she would probably think him insane, but he would give reasons if she would listen. She replied that she had no need of convincing, and would willingly have taken his advice, but for two apparently insurmountable obstacles—first, she could not move; secondly, the penalty she would have to pay for consulting a somnambule, even if one could be brought to Tynemouth, would not only be the loss of medical comforts, but also that of family peace, so strong was the prejudice on the part of her relatives against mesmerism and everything associated with it. Thus the matter rested till May, 1844, when, in the course of a fortnight, no fewer than three letters of ad-

vice arrived urging a trial of mesmerism; and presently afterwards Miss Martineau was astonished to learn what her brother-in-law told her in one of his visits. Mr. Spencer Hall, of whom she had never heard, had been lecturing at Newcastle, and Dr. Greenhow, who had gone to the lecture out of curiosity, had been put into the chair, on the clear understanding that he accepted it only to see fair play, and not at all as countenancing mesmerism, of which, he fairly owned, he knew nothing whatever. Dr. Greenhow told Miss Martineau that he had been deeply impressed and entirely perplexed by what he had seen: only he had a clear conviction of the honesty and fairness of the lecturer. Moreover, he was disposed to Miss Martineau trying the experiment, as possibly it might afford release from the use of opiates, to which she had for years been forced to have constant recourse. Mr. Hall was accordingly communicated with, and agreed to try what he could do. His first visit was on the 2nd of June, 1844, between which time and his sixth or seventh visit he showed her maid how to proceed. Some of the family were sadly annoyed at this; but the new experiment having been proposed by her medical attendant, there was nothing for her to do but to try it.



Tynemouth. 1800

Therefore, she tells us, she was surprised that recovery by such questionable means should have been made the occasion, as it was, for a family quarrel. A full narrative of her recovery is given in her "Letters on Mesmerism," first published in the *Athenæum*, which carried six numbers of that periodical through three editions. To the last of these letters the editor saw fit to append a string of comments insulting and slanderous in the last degree; and for weeks and months the character of Miss Martineau's mesmeriser, and of her fellow-patient, "the girl Jane," was assailed without mercy.

Mr. H. G. Atkinson, with whom Miss Martineau was afterwards very closely associated, claimed to

have had the management and control of the case throughout, but this was incorrect. After Mr. Hall's departure, the actual operator was the widow of a clergyman, a lady bearing the very highest character in the place, which could not shield her, however, from abuse. As for the poor girl Jane, who was as innocent as a new-born babe, inducements, it was said, were held out to her to confess that she had been shamming. But these efforts availed nothing. When Miss Martineau removed from Tynemouth, in 1845, the sudden cessation of mesmerism, with which she had been treated for sore eyes and other ailments, was alleged to have been disastrous to the girl. Her eyes became as bad as ever. In this plight she was found by a charitable lady who brought over from South Shields a well-known gentleman, Mr. Thomas Hudson, whom Miss Martineau characterises as "a benevolent druggist, accustomed to mesmerise." The aunt refused him admission to her house; and he, therefore, went to the bottom of the garden, where Jane was supported to a seat. At the end of the experiment she could see some bright thing on her lap; moreover, she had an appetite, for the first time for some weeks. The aunt could not resist this appeal to her heart and her self-interest at once; so she made "the druggist" welcome. As soon as Miss Martineau heard all this, she sent for Jane to Ambleside, where she had taken up her residence, and determined thenceforward to take charge of her. The girl, as already stated, lived with Miss Martineau seven years, and then went, with her entire approbation, to Australia. There she married, became blind, and some years afterwards died. At least this is the information supplied by a lady who resided many years in the colony, and knew all about poor Jane Arrowsmith.

Miss Martineau's own recovery had been proceeding during five months under the lady who mesmerised her, when, early in January, 1845, she left Tynemouth in her company, little thinking she should ever return to it. Her purpose was to get a change of scene at Windermere. But no sooner had she gone than the evil spirit broke out again in the medical profession and the discontented part of her family; so she had to go back to quiet it. The sacrifice was great, as she felt a really painful longing to see verdure and foliage. She had not seen a tree for above five years, except a scrubby little affair which stood above the haven at Tynemouth, exposed to every wind that blew, and which looked nearly the same at midsummer as at Christmas. Yet this treeless spot had its attractions, as we have seen. When she left it for good and all, she was forty-three years of age; and it was then for the first time that she began to enjoy life without a drawback.

WILLIAM BROOKIE.

Jonathan Martin and York Minster.



ORK MINSTER had a narrow escape from destruction in the early part of 1829. On the 7th February in that year, there appeared in the *Newcastle Chronicle* the following startling advertisement:—

WHEREAS JONATHAN MARTIN stands charged with having, on the night of the 1st February last, set fire to York Minster, a reward of £100 will be paid on his being apprehended and lodged in one of his Majesty's gaols.

The following is a description of the said Jonathan Martin, viz.: He is rather a stout man, about 5 feet 6 inches high, with light hair cut close, coming to a point in the centre of the forehead, and high above the temples, and has large, bushy, red whiskers; he is between 40 and 50 years of age, and of singular manners. He usually wears a single-breasted blue coat, with a stand-up collar, and buttons covered with the same cloth; a black cloth waistcoat (it was silk) and blue cloth trousers; half boots laced up the front, and a glazed, broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat. Sometimes he wears a double-breasted blue coat with yellow buttons. When travelling, he wears a large black leather cape coming down to his elbows, with two pockets within the cape; across the back of the leather cape there is a square piece of dark-coloured fur, extending from one shoulder point to the other. At other times he wears a drab-coloured coat, with a large cape and shortish skirts. When seen at York last Sunday, he had on the double-breasted blue coat, a common hat, and his drab great coat.

The said Jonathan Martin is a hawker of a pamphlet entitled "The Life of Jonathan Martin, of Darlington, Tanner," the third edition of which was printed at Lincoln, by R. E. Leary, 1828. He had lodged in York about a month, and quitted it on the 27th January last, stating that he was going to Tadcaster for a few days, and thence to Leeds. He returned to York on 31st January, and said that he and his wife had taken lodgings in Leeds. He was not seen in York after February 1.

By order of the Dean and Chapter of York.

The man after whom this hue and cry was made was one of three brothers, all famous in their way. William, the eldest, whose career has already been told in the *Monthly Chronicle* (vol. i., page 343), was born in 1772. Jonathan in 1782; and John, the celebrated painter, in 1789. Jonathan, with whom our present story is concerned, was born at Highside House, near Hexham. It was at Hexham that he served his time as a tanner. In his 22nd year he went to London, and there he was impressed for the navy. His first voyage was made in the *Hercules*, while serving in which vessel he took part in the bombardment of Copenhagen. Afterwards he engaged in the blockade of the Tagus, and in the relief of Sir John Moore's expedition at Corunna.

Jonathan's sorrows as a pressed man were assuaged by the uprising of a strong religious fervour, which was abundantly developed and gratified, as he relates himself, by a visit to Egypt, on which occasion he says he "was filled with delight at seeing the place where our Lord took refuge from the rage of Herod." When he came back to England he betook himself rather fitfully to his old trade; but he had acquired a love of roving, and

there was also stirring him up from time to time that cerebral excitement which ultimately overmastered him. He wrote a curious narrative of certain portions of his life, of which the chapters were headed: 1. "The Colossus at Rhodes"; 2. "Providential Escape from a Watery Grave in the Bay of Biscay Four Different Times";* and 3. "Providential Escape from the Asylum at Gateshead Fell." But this pamphlet was only published in 1826. The last of the three chapters points to a period when unmistakable symptoms of insanity had broken out and had taken a type from which they never widely diverged.

While engaged at Yarm, Stockton, Whitby, and Bishop Auckland, in his trade of tanner, he experienced frequent paroxysms of insane rage against the clergy. Not that all his vituperation and remonstrances were characterised by lunacy, but his mode of protesting was often so unusual that it savoured more of madness than of zealous invective. He was turned out of the Methodist Society at one place for his ill-guided and excessive attacks on the clergy. At Norton he concealed himself in the parish church with the view of giving the folks a homily on the sins of the clergy, but was dragged out by the sexton and brought before the magistrates, who, however, acquitted him. On one occasion he was present at South Church, Bishop Auckland, when the minister said in his sermon "that he did not think any man could know his sins were forgiven until he changed worlds," whereupon Jonathan cried aloud, "Thou hast no business in that pulpit, thou whitened sepulchre, thou deceiver of the people! How canst thou escape the damnation of hell?" For this offence he was once more put in peril of his liberty, but he escaped through the testimony of his employer. Shortly afterwards, however, he was accused of contemplating the assassination of the Rev. Dr. Legge, Bishop of Oxford, who was administering the rite of confirmation for the Bishop of Durham in the parish of Stockton. The real facts of the case, as told by himself, would make it appear nothing more than a foolish freak with an old pistol that probably could not have been made to go off at all; but when examined before the magistrates Jonathan almost admitted that, if the bishop had not given satisfactory answers to certain questions he intended to propose to him, he would have finished him in some way. This, coming after his other exploits in the same direction, led to his committal as a lunatic.

At first he was confined at West Auckland, but, at the instance of sympathising friends, he was removed to Gateshead Asylum. After three years' detention here, he escaped, but was recaptured three days subsequently. While he was an inmate of the asylum, he used often to fast for days together, saying that the Lord fasted forty days. He would sit on the ground with two sticks before

him, which he said were David's harp. He had a great objection to shaving, and this operation could only be performed when he was put into a strait waistcoat for the purpose.

When he was at length released from the asylum, he appears to have resumed his wandering habits, occasionally working at his trade, and more frequently selling his pamphlet. He used to carry his stock of books in saddlebags slung over his shoulders, and his dress was at all times peculiar. He had in the course of his journeyings visited Leeds, Manchester, Lincoln, and Boston. At the last-named place he was married on the 19th October, 1828, to Maria Hudson, but he had been married before. At all the places where he sojourned he associated with Methodist congregations, and, according to general testimony, he had a remarkable gift in prayer.

About Christmas Day, in 1828, he found himself in York. Accompanied by his wife, he took lodgings with one Lawn, a shoemaker. It would seem that it was only towards the end of the month he spent in the ancient city that his old madness came upon him. It was his custom during these few weeks to frequent Methodist meetings of all sorts, and occasionally to pay a visit to the Minster. Gradually his railings against the Episcopal clergy became louder and more fierce. As if conscious that some dire temptation was taking shape in his mind, he tore himself away from York. With his wife he went to Leeds; but, leaving her there or else at Tadcaster, he came back alone to the house of the shoemaker in which he had previously lodged.

Jonathan spent Sunday, the 1st of February, in secret preparations for the accomplishment of what he now regarded as a direct commission from heaven. In his bed-chamber he got ready some tinder, and, having already in his possession a piece of flint, he appropriated an old razor as the instrument for striking the fatal spark that was to avenge the insulted majesty of heaven for the dishonour due to its worship in the idolatrous shrine. When the hour for evening service arrived, he was one of the assembled throng. No one who looked upon his dull and stolid face could suspect that it was but the dried crust of a volcano that was on the eve of a most terrible explosion. When the service ended, the gloomy fabric was almost in darkness. It was no difficult matter for Martin to linger unobserved, and to hide himself between a tomb and the Minster wall. There he lay listening with devouring rage to the sweet, sad strains of the organ, murmuring, it might seem, a dirge for the glories of the holy and beautiful house that was to be burned with fire that night, as in the olden days it had been again and again. Did the lurking madman know that his mischievous design was, as to its effects, no novelty in the history of the sacred fane? Eleven centuries before his hour of revenge, the flames had ravaged the then recently-erected structure. In 1069, the whole fabric had been reduced to ashes. In 1137, the new cathedral was

* See William Martin's engraving on this subject—*Monthly Chronicle*, vol. 1., page 345.

utterly destroyed in a great conflagration which devoured St. Mary's Abbey and thirty-nine parish churches in the city. Perhaps no reflection of these ancient fires lighted up the incendiary's soul as he cowered behind the monument of some long-dead bishop. There he lay and watched till the organist departed and the ringers came down from the belfry.

When at last the huge doors clanged to, and the echoes died away in the fretted roof of each long-drawn aisle, he made his way to the bell-loft, and then made his final preparations. By means of the ropes lying about, and those attached to the bells, which he cut off, he was able to provide for his entrance into any part of the building, and also for his escape when his dire task was completed. It was afterwards told how the dwellers in the Minster Yard and belated citizens passing that way heard strange sounds in the cathedral at midnight. Coupling this with Martin's own account presently to be given, there can be no doubt that as soon as he found himself alone, face to face with the deed of malice he was bent upon accomplishing, he burst out into frantic exultation, making the old sanctuary resound with cries of "Hallelujah! Glory be to God!" With his old razor he cut away the velvet and the gold tasselling and the fringe from the bishop's pew, from the reading desks, and from wherever he could find anything of similar attractiveness or value. Having gathered such combustibles as he could lay hands on, and piled them in three heaps in suitable spots, he fired them. After a brief stay to see that the flames had got well hold of the heaps, and were bidding well for the work he had set them to do, he left the Minster to its fate, scaled his way out by the help of the ropes he had with him, and, once free of the sacred precincts, took to his heels as if the Furies were in hot pursuit of him.

All through the chill winter night he fled, his brow throbbing with the pulse of madness, his frame weakened from long fasting, yet urged to superhuman exertion, not so much by terror as by a sort of raging glee because of what he had done. Keeping the North Road, he was continually meeting, or being overtaken by, coaches and other vehicles; but he hid himself till they passed, and then resumed his journey. His course was to his old home near Hexham. There, perhaps, he dreamed he would be sure of welcome and safe refuge. But the appearance of the advertisement in the *Newcastle Chronicle* was almost sure to lead to his capture.

As soon as the paper reached Hexham, no time was lost in commencing a search for Martin, whose person and haunts were well-known. Soon Mr. Stainthorpe, the sheriff's officer, on reading the advertisement, set off on horseback northwards. Calling at Wall Barns, the residence of Mr. Thompson, a relative of Martin's, where he learnt his retreat, and proceeding to Codlaw Hill, about four miles from Hexham, Mr. Stainthorpe found the delinquent in the house of Mr. E. Kell. The

latter, ignorant of the enormities with which his guest was charged, accompanied the officer with his prisoner to Hexham, where, without the least resistance, he was lodged in the House of Correction. Martin seemed to have no consciousness of guilt for the crime he had committed. He was visited by several gentlemen, to whom he was remarkably communicative, not only acknowledging the deed, but defending his conduct, and even expressing his satisfaction that his plan had been so effective.

On Sunday, the 8th of February, Mr. Newstead, of York, arrived in Newcastle, and proceeded to Hexham, from whence he returned with the prisoner in a post-chaise, accompanied by Mr. Stainthorpe and Mr. Richard Nicholson, of Gateshead Fell. The prisoner was lodged in Newcastle Gaol from one o'clock to three o'clock in the afternoon, during which time a great concourse of people collected in the streets adjoining the prison. One of the rooms in the building had been prepared for him, and while there Mr. Sopwith, the governor of the gaol, repressed all attempts to obtain information from the prisoner. Martin wore the double-breasted blue coat with yellow buttons, blue trousers, and half-boots, described in the advertisement; and, though rather jaded with fatigue, he seemed in perfectly good spirits, and quite rational and innocent in his behaviour. The pockets of his drab overcoat contained some pieces of candles, while Mr. Stainthorpe had secured the leather case in which he carried the tinder to the cathedral, and in which were small fragments of stained glass. A white-hafted razor, hacked on the back, with which Martin had struck the fatal spark, and some curtains and tassels which he had abstracted from the cathedral, were also secured. The prisoner and his conductors arrived at York about three o'clock on Monday morning in a post-chaise. The magistrates having been assembled for his examination, the whole of the proceedings were over soon after six o'clock, and he was committed to the city gaol. Few persons knew of his arrival; consequently, all mobbing was avoided at York.

The poor fanatic was brought to trial before Mr. Baron Holbeck, at York Assizes, on the 31st March. He was defended by Mr. Brougham, afterwards Lord Brougham, Witnesses detailed the extent of the mischief. (It cost upwards of £60,000 to repair the Minster belfry and roof.) Others—and these the majority—gave abundant evidence as to Martin's insanity. After a trial of eight or nine hours, he was called upon to speak in his own defence. Speaking in a Northern dialect, and with great energy, the prisoner said:—

Well, sir, the first impression I had about it was from a dream; and after I had written five letters to those clergy, the last of which, I believe, was a very severe one, and all of which I dated from my lodgings at No. 60, Aldwark, I was very anxious to speak to them by word of mouth, but none of them would come near me. So I prayed to the Lord, and asked him what was to be done.

- ? Hullock

And I dreamed that I saw a cloud come over the cathedral, and it rolled toward me at my lodgings; it awoke me out of my sleep, and I asked the Lord what it meant, and he told me it was to warn those clergymen of England who were going to plays, and cards, and such like; and the Lord told me He had chosen me to warn them, and reminded me of the prophecies, that there should in these latter days be signs in the heavens. (The prisoner here used several quotations from Holy Writ.) I felt so impressed with it that I found the Lord had destined me to show those people to flee from the wrath to come, when I bethought me that I could not do that job without being out all night, and I considered whether I should let my wife know. I got everything ready, and I took the ring from my wife's finger, and talked to her what I had mentioned—and I told her what I meant to do. She grieved very much, and I had to work to get off. I still stayed a few days, but I could get no rest whatever until I had accomplished the work. It was a severe contest between flesh and blood; and then I bethought me what would become of her and my son Richard, whom I had at Lincoln. Then the Lord said unto me, "What thou dost, do with all thy might." I tore from her, and said, "Well, well, Lord—not my will, but Thine be done." I then left Leeds, taking twenty of my books with me, but I had no money, and went into Tadcaster. There I got a gill of ale. (He then proceeded to state the manner in which he travelled and supported himself to York). On Sunday, Feb. 1, I went to the cathedral service, and it vexed me to hear them singing their prayers and amens. I knew it did not come from their hearts; it was deceiving the people. Then, there was the organ, buz! buz! and, said I to my *sen*, "I'll hae thee down to-night; thou *shat* buz no more!" Well, they were all going out, and I lay me down by the side of the bishop, round by the pillar (the prisoner concealed himself behind a tomb), between which and the wall there was a space that more than one person might lie down in. I thought I heard the people coming down from the bells; they all went out, and then it was so dark I could not see my hand. Well, I left the bishop, and came out and fell upon my knees and asked the Lord what I was to do first, and he said, "Get thy way up the bell-loft." I had never been there, and went round and round. I had a sort of guess to the place from hearing the men, as I thought, come down. I then struck a light with a flint and a razor that I had got, and some tinder I had brought from my landlord's. I saw there were plenty of ropes; then I cut one, and then another; but I had no idea they were so long, and I kept draw, drawing, and the rope came up. I daresay I had one hundred feet. Well, thought I to myself, this will make a man rope (a sort of scaling rope), and I tied knots in it. Aye, that's it (pointing to the rope which lay on the table); I know it well enough. So I went down to the body of the cathedral, and bethought me how I should go inside. I thought if I did so by throwing the rope over the organ I might set it ganging, and that would spoil the job. So I made an end of the rope fast, and went hand-over-hand over the gates, and got down on the other side, and fell on my knees and prayed to the Lord, and he told me that, do what I would, they would take me. Then I asked the Lord what I was to do with the velvet, and he told me to take it for my wages; and, in order that no one but me might be suspected, I thought it would do for my hairy jacket I have at Lincoln. I have a very good sealskin one there. I wish I had it with me that I might show it you. Then I got all ready. Glory to God. I never felt so happy; but I had a hard night's work of it, particularly with a hungered belly. Well, I got a bit of wax candle, and I set fire to one heap, and with the matches I set fire to the other. I then tied up the things which the Lord had given me for my hire in this very handkerchief that I have in my hand. (The prisoner then went on to describe his escape by means of the rope, nearly in the same terms as has been stated, and of his proceeding to Hexham, stating that on the road the coaches passed him, but that he laid himself down, and was never seen.) While I was at Hexham—I think I had been there two days—I had been to pray with a poor woman, and the

Hexham man came and tipped me on the shoulder. I's tir'd, or I'd tell thee a little more.

This is but a small part of what the prisoner said; but it is sufficient to judge of the nature of his defence. The jury returned a verdict of "guilty of setting fire to the Minster while in an unsound state of mind"—which the judge directed to be changed into a verdict of "not guilty."

The poor mad enthusiast was confined during the remainder of his life in St. Luke's Hospital, London, and there he died on the 1st May, 1838, after about nine years of confinement.

Mr. Baron Graham.

ALLUSION has already been made in the *Monthly Chronicle* to the extraordinary politeness of Mr. Baron Graham, the hero of the well-known local song, "My Lord Size." In fact, some of the stories told of his courtesy, even on the bench, verge upon the ridiculous. On one occasion, it was said he had hastily condemned a man, who had been capitally convicted, to transportation, when the clerk of the court, in a whisper, set him right. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "criminal, I beg your pardon; come back." And, putting on the black cap, he courteously apologised for his mistake, and consigned the prisoner to the gallows. To one guilty of burglary, or of a similar offence, he would say, "My honest friend, you are found guilty of felony, for which it is my painful duty," &c. Among other peculiarities, he had a custom of repeating the answer made to him, as in the following dialogue:—"My good friend, you are charged with murder: what have you to observe on the subject? Eh? How did it happen?" "Why, my lord, Jim aggravated me, and swore as how he'd knock the breath out of my body." "Good! He'd knock the breath out of your body! And what did you reply?" "Nothing; I floored him." "Good! And then—?" "Why, then, my lord, they took him up, and found that his head was cut open." "His head was cut open! Good! And what followed?" "After that, my lord, they gathered him up to take him to the hospital, but he died on the road." "He died on the road! Very good!" This will match the best of Lord Cockburn's many good stories of Scottish judges.

W. W. W., Newcastle.

Candle Superstitions.

CANDLE superstitions are very common in the North. If, when a candle is burning, any of the untrimmed wick protrudes through the flame, it exhibits a lustrous spot or spark. At the time when an ordinary letter cost 10d. on

the average, this was widely regarded as a sign that a letter would reach that house on the next day. This old superstition has been very beautifully commemorated in the first verse of a Border song, entitled "The Shipboy's Letter." I quote it from memory :—

Here's a letter from Robin, father,
A letter from over the sea ;
I was sure that the spark in the wick last night
Meant there was one for me.
And I loved to see the postman's face
Look in at the dairy park,
Because you said 'twas so womanlike
To put my trust in a spark.

W. L., Carlisle.

The following passage occurs in "Domestic Folk Lore," by T. F. Thiselton Dyer :—

In some of the Northern Counties a bright spark in the candle predicts the arrival of a letter, and if it drops on the first shake it is an indication that the letter has already been posted. To snuff out a candle accidentally is a sign of matrimony, and a curious mode of divination is still practised by means of a pin and a candle. The anxious lover, while the candle is burning, takes a pin, and cautiously sticks it through the wax, taking care that it pierces the wick, repeating meanwhile the following rhyme :—

It's not this candle alone I stick,
But A. B.'s heart I mean to prick ;
Whether he be asleep or awake,
I'd have him come to me and speak.

She then patiently watches, for if the pin remains in the wick after the candle has burnt below the place in which it was inserted, then the loved one will be sure to appear ; but should the pin drop out, it is a sign that he is faithless.

C. H. CLARKE, London.

Durham Mustard.

JOHAN TIMBS gives the following as the origin of the celebrity of Durham in the matter of mustard :—"Prior to the year 1720, there was no such luxury as mustard in its present form at our tables. At that time the seed was coarsely pounded in a mortar, as coarsely separated from the integument, and in that rough state prepared for use. In the year mentioned, it occurred to an old woman of the name of Clements, residing in Durham, to grind the seed in a mill, and pass it through the several processes which are resorted to in making flour from wheat. The secret she kept for many years to herself ; and in the period of her exclusive possession of it supplied the principal parts of the kingdom, and in particular the metropolis, with this article. George I. stamped it with fashion by his approval. Mrs. Clements twice a year travelled to London and the principal towns throughout England for orders. From her residing in Durham the article acquired the name of Durham mustard."

R. LYNDALL, Carlisle.

Dr. Paley at Bishopwearmouth

WILLIAM PALEY, the author of many famous works on philosophy and theology, was born at Peterborough in 1743. Having entered the church, he held a succession of small preferments in the diocese of Carlisle. Here he wrote his celebrated standard works, "The Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy," "Horæ Paulinæ," and "A View of the Evidences of Christianity." Visiting Cambridge in January, 1795, for the purpose of taking his degree of D.D., he was surprised to receive a letter from the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Barrington, with whom he was not previously acquainted, offering him the valuable rectory of Bishopwearmouth, estimated to be worth about £1,200 a-year. When he waited on his new patron in London soon afterwards, and began to express his gratitude for this unsolicited gift, his lordship curtly interrupted him by saying : "Not one word more of this, sir ; be assured that you cannot have greater pleasure in accepting the living of Bishopwearmouth than I have in offering it to you."

Dr. Paley was inducted to his valuable cure on the 13th March, 1795, by the rector of Sunderland, Mr. Farrar, with whom he had been many years acquainted, and who became his successor in the vicarage of Stanwix, near Carlisle, on his vacating it. The rectory at Bishopwearmouth, reckoned one of the best parsonages in the kingdom, had been put into a very improved state by the last incumbent, Mr. Egerton. It stood a little way to the north of the church, surrounded by a walled court and a very extensive garden, and had, with the out-offices and adjacent grounds, much the appearance of an ancient seat-house that had been encroached upon by the neighbouring buildings. It was pulled down many years ago, when the present rectory, in Gray Road, a more fashionable part of the town, was built. There is still to be seen a small building belonging to the old place, a little behind Paley Street ; and an ancient arched door, with the knocker attached, was removed to the Mowbray Park, to serve as the door of the gardener's tool-house. A grand old staircase was taken away to be built into the present rectory. The walls of the house were so solid that they had to be blasted with gunpowder. Such as the place was, Dr. Paley was thoroughly pleased with it. Having resigned Stanwix Vicarage, and some other preferments which required his residence in the diocese of Carlisle, he removed from the vicinity of that city as soon as he could make the necessary arrangements ; and thenceforward he divided his time principally between Bishopwearmouth and Lincoln, of which he was sub-dean (a living which brought him in about £700 per annum), spending his summers at the former and his winters at the latter of those places.

Soon after Paley's arrival at Bishopwearmouth, some of

the principal landowners in the parish, which then included not only the township of Bishopwearmouth, comprehending Barnes, Pallion, and Bainbridge Holme, but also Wearmouth Panns, Ford, Silksworth, and Grindon, East Burdon, Tunstall, and Ryhope, extending from north to south about five miles, and from east to west about three miles, offered to treat with him for the tithes on the basis of an annual compensation. After inspecting the accounts of his predecessor, the rector demanded £700 a year as a fair equivalent; and on the landowners agreeing to this, he granted them a lease for life. As a writer, he had reprobated tithes as "noxious to cultivation and improvement," and recommended "their conversion into corn-rents as a practicable and beneficial alteration, in which the interest of all parties might be equitably adjusted"; and he now acted in strict conformity to these principles, "leaving to the industry of his parishioners its full operation and entire reward." He also granted long leases of his glebe lands upon very moderate terms; and owing to the great rise in landed property, which took place immediately after, his tenants had very advantageous bargains.

Dr. Paley visited a good deal amongst his neighbours, and entertained company in a handsome but by no means ostentatious style. He frequently mixed in card parties, and was considered a skilful player at whist; but he would at all times readily forego the game for conversation with an intelligent companion. A lady once observed to him that the only excuse for card-playing was that it served to kill time. "The best defence possible, madam," replied he, "though time will in the end kill us." Again, when the run of luck once happened to be against him, and he was carefully making up the cards, one of the party exclaimed, "Why, you shuffle a great deal, Dr. Paley." "Aye, sir," replied he, "when a man grows poor, it makes him shuffle."

From the door of the park which led from the rectory house to the banks of the river Wear, Dr. Paley could give his visitors a striking view of the celebrated iron bridge which had recently been erected at Wearmouth.* He used to enjoy their surprise on first coming in sight of it; and he appears to have been highly pleased with the prospect himself, and to have been led through it to pay particular attention to the construction of the arch, which he introduces very happily, by way of illustration, into one of the latest and most popular of his works, the "Natural Theology."

At the request of the Bishop of Durham, who was also *custos rotulorum* of the county, Dr. Paley undertook to act in the commission of the peace, for which he was equally well qualified by his talents for close investigation and by his knowledge of the criminal law.

Dr. Paley used frequently to take exercise on horseback in the park behind the rectory house. He was a bad

horseman, and tradition says that very often the horse dismounted him. It used to be currently told that a wag, one morning, wrote upon the door of the park, "Feats of Horsemanship here every day by an Eminent Performer." Two or three weeks afterwards another legend appeared—"Additional Feats, for a few days only, by a New Performer from Ireland,"—the Bishop of Elphin having arrived on a visit to the rector. Relating this story himself with his usual quiet humour, Dr. Paley used to tell how, when on his first journey to Cambridge, he followed his father on a pony, he fell off seven times! "Every time my father heard a thump," said he, "he would turn round, and calmly say, with his head half aside, 'Take care of thy money, lad.'" "I am so bad a horseman, indeed," he continued, "that if any person at all comes near me when I am riding I certainly have a fall. Company takes off my attention. I have need of all I can command to manage my horse, though it is the quietest creature that ever lived; and at Carlisle used to be often covered with children from the ears to the tail." "You ride just like Dr. Paley," has been heard as a familiar expression, addressed to a slovenly and clumsy rider in Sunderland.

The rector was fond of good eating. He is said to have once finished a shoulder of mutton at a meal, when he happened to be very hungry. One day, when dining out, he was asked by the lady of the house what he would eat. "Eat, madam?" replied he: "eat everything, from the top of the table to the bottom." But another time, when he had declared that he would eat of every course, he stuck at some pork steaks. "I had intended," he said regretfully, "to have proceeded regularly and systematically through the ham and fowl to the beef, but those pork steaks have staggered my brain."

One day the chambermaid and kitchenmaid went up to make the beds in the parsonage. Going into the doctor's bedroom, they saw a bottle of wine and a glass standing on the mantelpiece. The kitchenmaid, filling the glass, drained it, first prefacing the draught with a toast, saying, "Here's to Dolly and Ralph (nicknames for their mistress and master), and may we live with them all their lives!" Whereupon Molly, the chambermaid, poured out a glass, and repeated the toast. They then commenced to draw the bed-curtains, when, to their horror, they found the doctor still in bed and wide awake, so that he must have heard all their conversation. The girls fled precipitately downstairs, and met the butler, who asked them what was the matter. "You'll soon see what's the matter," said they, as they took refuge in the kitchen. When the doctor had had his breakfast, he sent out invitations to some ladies and gentlemen near to come to dinner that day. After dinner, the butler got orders to tell the two maids to come to the dining-room, as their master wanted them. As soon as they came in, the doctor told the butler to put the wine on the table.

* See *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., page 401.

The girls were then told to drink the same toast before the company that they drank that morning in the bedroom. They complied with a very bad grace. This was the good doctor's way of punishing them. "Now," said he, "you may go, and look better about you another time; and except you tell outside what has taken place, nobody shall hear a word of it from me."

Frugal and thrifty as he was from first to last, Dr. Paley always made his wife and daughters pay ready money for everything they bought. "It's of no use," he used to say, with a shrug, "to desire the women to buy only what they really want; they will always imagine they want what they wish to buy; but paying ready money is a check upon their imagination." He always wore a white wig and a court coat, detesting cassocks, which he used to say were just like the black aprons the master tailors



wore at Durham. His gait was awkward, his action ungraceful, and his dialect markedly provincial; but his arch smile was delightful, and redeemed all.

Dr. Paley's life at Bishopwearmouth was unchequered by any events of importance, being spent in the quiet performance of his duties, in the society of friends, and in completing that series of works which will perpetuate his name. In 1800, he was seized with a painful disorder, which, however, did not prevent him writing his "Natural Theology," one of the most delightful books in the English language. One who knew him intimately at this time wrote:—"The man who can bear pain like a stoic may be permitted to enjoy pleasure like an epicurean. Paley could do both. He spoke from his own experience when he dwelt on the power which pain has of shedding a satisfaction over intervals of ease which few enjoyments can exceed." He died on the 25th May, 1805, in the sixty-second year of age, and his body was conveyed for

interment to Carlisle, where he lies beside his first wife. There is little or nothing in Bishopwearmouth pariah books about the most distinguished man that ever held the living, the minutes belonging to the time he was there having mostly been destroyed or lost. The signature of Dr. Paley appears in them only three times.

Tynedale Apprentices.

TYNHABITANTS of Tynedale (the district of North Tyne) were in the sixteenth century held in great disfavour by the folks of Newcastle. It was their reiving and thieving propensities that gave rise to the prejudice. Mr. Welford's "History of Newcastle and Gateshead," under date of 1564, contains the following note, contributed by Mr. James Clephan (J. C.):—"The Books of the Merchant Adventurers of Newcastle prohibit any person born in Tynedale, Riddesdale, &c., from being admitted an apprentice, because 'the parties there brought up are known, either by education or nature, not to be of honest conversation.' 'They commit frequent thefts and other felonies,' and no apprentice must be taken 'proceeding from such careless and wicked progenitors.' This Act was not repealed till 1771. A hundred years after its enactment, Gray states in his 'Chorographia' (1649) that every year there were brought into Newcastle from Weardale (misprint for "these dales"), and condemned and hanged sometimes, twenty or thirty persons."

A. DAMAS, Newcastle.

Tanfield Arch.

TANFIELD ARCH, in the county of Durham, of which we give an illustration, copied from Richardson's "Table Book," 1842, was built by Colonel Liddell and the Hon. Charles Montague, to obtain a level for the passage of coal-waggons. It is frequently called Causey Bridge, from its being built over the deep and romantic dell of Causey Burn, near Tanfield. The span of the arch is 103 feet; it springs from abutments about 9 feet high; and, being semi-circular, the entire elevation is about 60 feet. It cost £12,000. The architect was Ralph Wood, a common mason, who, having built a former arch of wood that fell for want of weight, committed suicide from a dread of this beautiful structure meeting with a similar fate. Upon a sun-dial on one of the piers is the following:—"Ra. Wood, mason, 1727." The arch was built for a waggon-way to a colliery, which, however, was set on fire, and has been long unwrought. The structure has been many years neglected, and is now falling to ruins. Our illustration gives some idea of the scenery of Causey Burn, which is very beautiful, and possesses many charms for artists and students of nature generally.



TANFIELD ARCH, DURHAM.

A Gosforth Freebooter.

A STORY of Hendrik, a freebooter, is current in the neighbourhood of Gosforth; but there is little foundation for it. Speaking of Haddrick's Mill, which is a hamlet attached to the township of Fawdon, Mr. Richard Welford, in his "History of Gosforth," says:—"There is a tradition in the neighbourhood that this place took its name from a notorious Danish freebooter named Hendrik, or Hadderick, who made the dene beside the mill his home, and set the authorities at defiance. On what foundation this story rests is not clearly shown, but it is at least a coincidence that Sir Walter Scott gives nearly the same name—Dirk Hatterick—to his smuggler and pirate in 'Guy Mannering.' It has been said also that the old play of 'The Miller and his Men' was taken from incidents which occurred at Haddrick's Mill."

FRIAR GODWIN, Heworth.

Old News.

A FAC-SIMILE of the first number of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, which commenced its eventful career on the 24th of March, 1764, was lately presented with every number of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. The news supplied to the reading public in the spring of 1764 was of the scantiest character. It is, however, not without interest. Thus we learn that a female spinning race had just taken place at Haydon Bridge; that Sir John Hussey Delaval had given a great entertainment on account of the opening of a new harbour at Hartley Pans, otherwise Seaton Sluice; that cock-fights were to take place at Mr. William Mole's pit in the Bigg Market for prizes of £50 and £20; that proceedings were being taken against the Jesuits in the island of Martinico; that his Royal Highness the Duke of York was in perfect health and greatly satisfied with the manner of his reception in Turin; and that there had been an outbreak among the Creek Indians in South Carolina, resulting in the slaughter of many settlers. Among the other contents of the paper was an advertisement for a middle-aged woman to take care of a single gentleman's house in the country. This advertisement a century later led to a curious incident. The hundredth anniversary of the commencement of the *Newcastle Chronicle* was celebrated by the re-issue of the original number, which was given away with the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* on the 24th March, 1864, precisely in the same way as the same original number was lately given away with the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. The incident to which we have alluded was thus described in an article

that appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* of March 25th, 1864:—

When, in 1764, one of the earliest friends of the *Newcastle Chronicle* sent for insertion the following advertisement, he little dreamt over how long a space of time responding applications would be made:—

WANTED, a middle-aged WOMAN (who has been a servant in genteel families, and can be well recommended for her honesty), to take care of a single gentleman's house in the country. She must undertake cooking and setting-out the table. A Gardener is also wanted, who, having but a small garden to take care of, will be expected to assist occasionally in the house or stables. If a man and wife can undertake the above places, provided they are not incumbered with children, it will be more agreeable.—Apply to the printer of this paper.

Yesterday, in celebration of the centenary of the *Chronicle*, we distributed among our subscribers reprints of No. 1, first published on the 24th of March, 1764; and of the nine and twenty advertisements which it contained, the foregoing stood at the head. The sheet had not been re-issued many hours, when a respectable, worthy-looking couple, entering the publishing office, and advancing to the counter, innocently inquired the address of the "single gentleman"! All the establishment was at fault. Its "oldest inhabitant" could not remember the name of the advertiser. The rustic bachelor was unknown. No account stood against him in the books of the office. Time had written over him, *non est*. He was clean gone—he, his genteel house, and his small garden—all were forgotten. And the honest applicants, who offered themselves so unexpectedly in answer to his call, were apprised, to their astonishment, that they were a hundred years too late!

Relics of Captain Cook.

SIR SAUL SAMUEL, Agent-General for New South Wales, who has been for some time in England, recently became the possessor of a very interesting collection of relics of Captain Cook's voyages in the South Seas, which will shortly be despatched to Sydney, for the State House Museum of that place. The relics were discovered so far back as 1859, when a part of Sir Joseph Banks's Museum in Soho Square, London, was pulled down. Some panel doors at the end of a gallery, which had been pasted over with old charts for a long time, were cut away, and inside the panelling the following inscription was written in the handwriting of Sir Joseph Banks:—"Instruments used, and carvings, weapons, and heads, collected by Captain Cook during the voyage of the Endeavour.—J. BANKS." Among the collection then discovered were the following articles:—Old quadrants and other instruments used by Captain Cook on board the Endeavour; two mummied tattooed heads of New Zealand chiefs; two native models of New Zealand canoes, one carved; two large carved canoe paddles; carved spears and war clubs; a native chief's paddle, beautifully worked with idolatrous carving; a very fine stone hatchet with handle; a wooden bowl with lip, used for handing round human blood in the days of cannibalism; and a carved wooden sceptre with the following words scratched on it, presumably by Captain Cook:—"Made for me by Wanga.—J. C." Other relics of the great navigator are in existence. Lord Thurlow, in a letter to the *Times*, says they consist of a

long feather cloak and helmet belonging to the chief or king of the island of Hawaii (or Owhyhee, as it was formerly spelt), who killed Captain Cook, and which came into possession of Lord Thurlow's family in the manner stated in the following inscription on a silver plate on the lid of the box in which these relics have been preserved:—"This cloak and cap did formerly belong to the Chief of Owhyhee, one of the Sandwich Islands, who murdered Captain Cook, the English Traveller, on Sunday, 14th February, 1779. Brought from thence by Henry Lawrie, Esq., Commander of the Surat Castle, of Bombay, by whom it was sent to the museum of his friend James Bruce of Kinnaird, 1st October, 1792." The James Bruce above referred to was, Lord Thurlow points out, the celebrated Abyssinian traveller, from whom Kinnaird, with its museum, has descended to his great-great-granddaughter, Lady Thurlow.

Notes and Commentaries.

AN OLD NEWCASTLE PEDESTRIAN.

Edward Solly wrote as follows to *Notes and Queries* some years ago:—"The death of an old man, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in 1798, named James Palmer, is recorded in the *Monthly Magazine*, of whom it is stated that, at the age of seventy-three, he walked from Newcastle to London and back again in eleven days, one of which he spent in the metropolis. The distance by the coach road was then reckoned 277 miles between the two cities; consequently he must have walked at the average rate of fifty-five miles a day. It is said that he started from Newcastle with only five shillings in his pocket."

FOOTIT, Hexham.

CURIOUS PARTY AT WYNWARD.

On the 18th of January, 1847, the birthday of the late Marquis of Londonderry was celebrated at Wynward with extraordinary magnificence. Amongst the distinguished company present was Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of France. On this occasion there was a curious card party, which deserves to be made historical. The gentlemen who took a hand in it were Louis Napoleon, Benjamin Disraeli, George Hudson (the Railway King), and J. J. Wright, of Sunderland.

W. B., Bishopwearmouth.

THE HASSOCKS.

The ground between Gateshead and Dunston, from the railway to the cart road, was formerly called the Hassocks. It was a low swamp or marsh in an angle formed by the Tyne and its tributary the Team. This marsh was mostly covered with turfy grass and sedge. According to Dr. Johnson, in his "Botany of the Eastern Borders," these turfy grasses are called hassocks, and afford the botanist a firm footing through the bog. Has-

sock is a local name for cushion or soft stool; and there can be no doubt that the Hassocks got the name from the cushion-like tufts on the marshy land.

A. S., Newcastle.

THE HELL KETTLES.

The author of "Zig-Zag Ramblings," Mr. R. Taylor Manson, gives an explanation of the origin of the "Hell Kettles," situated between Darlington and Croft, that is somewhat different from that which appeared in the October number of the *Monthly Chronicle*.

Writing on this subject, Mr. Manson says:—

Roseberry Topping is, I believe, 1,022 feet above the sea, and a little below the very summit there is a perennial spring of water. Note the fact—that near the very summit of a lofty hill there is a spring. To enter into the details of how it gets there would open up a department of science which might prolong our discussion till the natural feeling of my readers would be that it is as interminable as the Kettles themselves were supposed to be. Suffice it for our purpose to state that water derived from the atmosphere travels far underground, guided in its course by the dip of the strata, altered in it by faults, and confined in it by the nature of the strata above and below. Its progress up or down is arrested by clayey beds, it is absorbed by some rocks more than by others, and the result of all is, that the water of a spring—as at Roseberry Topping—often bursts forth far away from the original source of its being collected, and frequently under considerable hydraulic pressure. I have been told that, when the sinking was made for the new Croft Spa, the water rushed up with such force that the workmen were fain to escape for their lives, and even left their shovels and picks behind them. (Another report says they never saw their wheelbarrows again.) The Dinsdale Spa was discovered in 1789, in searching for coal. At a depth of 72 feet "the spring burst forth with a tremendous smoke and sulphurous stench!" I quote from a published authority, but the italics are mine. The conclusion to which I am irresistibly forced to come is this:—That by percolation of water the magnesian limestone which forms the basis of the deposits at the site of Hell Kettles was so disintegrated or excavated that cavities of considerable size were worn out beneath the overlying red sandstone. The red sandstone would then form the roof or part of the roof of cavities in the magnesian limestone. But the red sandstone, as found at Croft, is a porous and somewhat shaley micaceous kind of rock. It holds a very considerable quantity of water in its interstices, and is not by any means a stone with the coherence of the mountain limestone. It is soft and soon weathers, and is not capable of standing much stress or pressure. A soft, porous stone like this soon falls to pieces, and would form but a bad protection against either upward or downward forces. We have this state of affairs to contemplate. A series of cavities in the magnesian limestone formed by the action of the water, which, as evinced at Dinsdale and Croft, when bored or sunk down to, is under enormous pressure. The roofs of the cavities are formed of a substance which is soon reduced to shaley pulp. What, then, is there above the sandstone? Nothing but clay and gravel of no great thickness. A frail enough barrier against strong internal forces at its best, and still less if its own restraining power was being gradually debilitated, as I think would be the case, for the gravel rests upon the red sandstone, and, given the theory I have so far put forward, when the magnesian and sandstone roofs of the cavities were gone there would only be the gravel and clay between the outer world and the springs from the magnesian limestone beneath. So that during exceptional circumstances, during long continuance of wet weather, so much hydraulic pressure may have been brought to bear upon the gravel and clay roof that it was forced outward by the water and by a preliminary performance

of those compressed gases which caused such consternation among the labourers in 1769 (at Dinsdale). The water charged with salts of magnesia, lime, and soda, still flows from the magnesian limestone, and still wears away the rock it passes through, and more depressions will naturally follow as more rock is worn away; but no more explosions or sulphurous upheavings will occur simultaneously with the later depressions, seeing that the gas has found vent long ago.

Mr. Manson states also that there are in the neighbourhood of Croft and Darlington several other similar pits, "all formed in the red sandstone—the rock we have ascertained to be that which immediately underlies the clay and gravel beds which form the surface strata at Hell Kettles." E.

A SUNDERLAND CHALLENGE.

The subjoined *jeu-d'esprit* was written and circulated in the assize court at Durham during the trial of John Coul Carr, of Sunderland, coalfitter to the Earl of Durham, and Alexander Kirkaldy, of Monkwearmouth, agent to Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart. John Coul Carr sent a challenge by Kirkaldy to William Snowball, of Sunderland, solicitor, to fight a duel, which Mr. Snowball declined. Carr and Kirkaldy were tried at Durham Assizes, July 25th, 1836, found guilty, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment:—

Mr. John Coul Carr,
You presumed too far,
When you wish'd, in your chivalrous ire,
Whether wrong or right,
Your opponent to fight!
Oh! it was an absurd desire,
For who ever knew,
Since a bullet first flew,
Of a Snowball standing fire?

Here is another on the same occasion:—

'Tis plain that Carr
Ne'er meant a war
With pistols to require!
What man or sect
Could e'er expect
A Snowball to stand fire!

ST. JOHN CROOKES, London.

"THUNDER MUTTON."

Mutton is easily affected by hot weather, and often after a thunderstorm is found to be tainted. When in this condition, it is termed "thunder mutton." Even then, however, it is a safer and better food than the "braxy mutton" so often seen in the farm-houses of sheep-farmers. "Braxy mutton" is none other than the carcasses of sheep found dead in the field, either from "water in the head," or the disease called "staggers." I have seen both used; but, notwithstanding the term of contempt, commend me to the "thunder mutton" in preference to the "braxy."

A RUSTIC, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A HOWICK PIE.

The *Newcastle Chronicle* of January 6th, 1770, described a pie which had never known to have been excelled for

size. It was made by Mrs. Dorothy Patterson, house-keeper at Howick, was conveyed from Howick to Berwick, and thence was shipped to London for Sir Henry Grey, Bart. The contents of this remarkable specimen of cookery are thus enumerated:—Two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, six snipes, and four partridges, two neats' tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds, and six pigeons. It was, at the bottom, nearly nine feet in circumference, and weighed about twelve stones. A neat case was made for the monster, which was placed on four wheels for the purpose of facilitating its passage to the guests who were desirous of tasting the morsel.

E. R. NESTE, Newcastle.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

EFFECTS OF INSURANCE.

Not very far from Earsdon a poor woman was sadly pestered by insurance agents. At last in despair she insured one of her bairns. Soon after she was heard to exclaim: "Aye! he wes elwis a deen'-luikin' creetur, but since aa 'sured him he's gotten as fat as a mackeral!"

ST. ANTHONY'S.

Scene: St. Anthony's Railway Station, near Newcastle. Dick and his mate, Andrew, waiting for a train, fell into conversation. "Man, Andrew, aa had a funny dream last neet." "Whaat was't, Dick?" "Wey, man, aa dreamt that aa had deed, and that aa wes at the gates o' heaven. Aa knocked at the door, and a porter chep shoots 'Whe's there?' 'Me,' aa says. 'Whaat's yor nyem?' he shoots agyen, 'an' whor de ye belang te?' 'Ma nyem's Dick Smith,' aa says, 'an' aa cum fra St. Anthony's!' 'St. Anthony's!' he says, 'whor's that?' 'Doon the Tyne,' aa ansors. 'We knaa Tyneside varry weel,' he says, 'but aa nivvor hard o' St. Anthony's afore. But hould on,' he says, 'an aa'll leuk in the buik.' He leuks in the buik, and aa expect he fund the nyem, becaas he comes agyen and opens the door, leuks us aall ower from heed to foot, an' says wiv a bit laugh, 'It's aall reet, come in. Aa thowt ye wor trying a dodge on, for ye're the forst yen that's ivvor come here from St. Anthony's!'"

A QUESTION OF PAYMENT.

A few days ago, two men in Gateshead were indulging in a little friendly chaff. "Mind," said one to the other, "aa can pay ye," meaning of course that he could thrash him. "Had away," retorted his companion, "ye cannot pay the menage man!"

THE TRAMP'S MISCONCEPTION.

The other evening a tramp in a half-intoxicated condition wandered into a Salvation Army meeting not a hundred miles from Gosforth. He sat down on a seat, and

soon fell asleep. The preacher dwelt on the beauties of heaven and the horrors of hell, concluding his sermon by asking all present who wished to go with him to heaven to stand up. Of course, all the congregation rose except the tramp. "If any wish to go to hell," said the preacher, "stand up." Just at this moment the intruder awoke, and hastened to his feet. The preacher and the tramp stood for some time looking at each other. At last the latter said, "Aa divvent knaa whaat we are voting for, mistor; but ye and me's in a hopeless minority!"

THE POINTER DOG.

A Northumberland miner had a noted pointer dog, which was so perfect in his drill, and so unerring in his instincts for spotting game, that he sold it to a nobleman for a high price. The purchaser soon brought it back to Geordie, and told him it was a fraud. He said that it seemed to find game fast enough, but neither he nor his gamekeeper could either force it, or coax it, to lie down. The pitman observed: "It's varra queer that he should se ayun hev forgettin' his mannors." Then he invited the nobleman to a test in his presence. They had not wandered far in the fields before the dog's nose "pointed," and its tail poised like that of the Percy lion; when the gentleman shouted "Down, dog, down!" But the dog stood and moved not. "Didn't I tell you?" said the nobleman to the pitman. "Wey, man alive," said Geordie, "wad any dog unnerstand language like that? Wait till aa tell him." Then in a low growling voice, like a he bear, he said:—"Coil up, ye beggor!" The dog obeyed immediately.

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. Thomas Routledge, of South Hylton, Sunderland, managing director of the Ford Paper Works Company, died on the 17th of September, at the age of seventy years. The deceased gentleman had long been widely known in connection with the paper-making trade, and he was the first to take out a patent for manufacturing paper from Esparto grass in 1856.

The death was announced, on the 20th of September, of Mr. John Forster Trotter, senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Thomas R. Trotter and Son, ship store merchants, North Shields, and one of the oldest merchants in that town.

Mr. Andrew Guthrie, who for many years carried on business as a tobacconist in the Side, Newcastle, died on the 21st of September, in the seventieth year of his age. The deceased gentleman was identified with the Chartist movement in Newcastle, and was among the men arrested for taking part in the riots in the Forth in 1839, but was ultimately acquitted.

On the 23rd of September, Mr. C. M. Green, ship-merchant and shipbroker, Quayside, Newcastle, was accidentally killed on the railway at Barnes, in London. Mr. Green, who had been for a long period connected with Quayside business, was about fifty years of age.

Mr. John Forster, assistant inspector of schools, died shortly after an attack of paralysis, at his residence, Western Hill, Durham, on the 25th of September, at the comparatively early age of thirty-eight years.

The death took place on the 26th September, at his residence, Littletowne, near Durham, of Mr. Thomas Crawford, colliery agent and viewer for the Earl of Durham, and chairman of the Durham Board of Guardians. The deceased gentleman, who was also the owner of Elvet Colliery, Durham, was aged seventy-eight years.

At the age of seventy-two years, Mr. Thomas Allan, a well-known agriculturist, and land agent for Lord Armstrong, died at Snitter, near Rothbury, on the 29th of September. Mr. Allan was also, for many years, chairman of the Rothbury Board of Guardians, on his retirement from which position he was presented with a massive silver candelabra.

Mr. George Arthur Crow, for many years in the employment of Messrs. Robert Stephenson and Co., engineers, Newcastle, having served through the various grades of workman, charginan, foreman, and works manager, died on the 2nd of October, in the seventieth year of his age.

Mr. John Smith Peters, well known throughout the North of England as a medical rubber, died at his residence in Picton Place, Newcastle, on the 6th of October, at the age of sixty years.

Mr. Edward Reid, of the firm of Reid and Hall, merchants, Side, Newcastle, died at his residence, Bentinck Villas, in that city, on the 8th of October. Mr. Reid was well known and highly respected in commercial and other circles. The deceased gentleman, who was fifty-three years of age, was a brother of Mr. Andrew Reid, printer and publisher, Newcastle.

On the 12th of October, the death occurred at her residence, Springfield House, Shotley Bridge, of Mrs. Richardson, widow of Mr. Jonathan Richardson, the founder of the Consett Ironworks. The deceased lady, who was upwards of ninety years of age, was a member of the Society of Friends, and was of a philanthropic and charitable disposition.

On the 13th of October, Mr. George Maw, solicitor, Bishop Auckland, died from the effects of a serious accident with which he had met a few days previously. The deceased gentleman was clerk to the Spennymoor Local Board.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

SEPTEMBER.

16.—The draw for prizes in connection with the Newcastle Art Union took place in the Theatre of the Exhibition. The number of tickets sold was 11,830.

17.—The foundation stone of a new chapel for the Primitive Methodist Connexion was laid at New Seaham by Mr. John Coward, J.P., of Durham.

—The strike of miners at Felling, Usworth, and Wardley Collieries was brought to an end by the liberation of the imprisoned men on the previous evening;

and on the 19th work was resumed at Felling and Usworth, operations at Wardley being delayed by some official business connected with the mine. (See under date September 14, page 384.)

—The final meeting of the shareholders of the Newcastle Industrial Bank (Limited), which for a considerable time past had been in course of liquidation, was held under the presidency of Mr. John Nixon.

—The Northumberland College of Music, which is intended to provide a series of superior classes for the study of music among amateurs, about this date commenced operations in premises above Messrs. Alderson and Brentnall's, in Northumberland Street, Newcastle.

18.—Dr. Henry O'Callaghan, Rector of the English College at Rome, was appointed to the vacant Roman Catholic Bishopric of Hexham and Newcastle.

—The Rev. H. Batchelor preached his farewell sermon as pastor of St. James's Congregational Church, Bath Road, Newcastle, previous to his departure for a new charge, at Weston-super-Mare.

19.—Colonel C. E. S. Scott, Royal Artillery, half-pay, was appointed colonel on the staff to command the Royal Artillery of the Northern district.

—A dividend of 5 per cent., £1,652 2s. 5d. being carried forward, was declared at the annual general meeting of Hawthorn, Leslie, and Co., Limited.

20.—Great excitement and alarm were created by the doings of a mad bullock, which, after rushing headlong through several thoroughfares in Newcastle and injuring a man named James Johnson, made its way to the Blyth and Tyne Railway Station in New Bridge Street. The animal was eventually shot near the "blind bridge" on that line at West Jesmond.

—Father Matthews, of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, Gateshead, on the occasion of his "silver jubilee," was presented with a beautifully illuminated address and a purse of money.

21.—The foundation stone of St. Hilda's New Church, in Parkgate, Darlington, was laid by the Bishop of Durham.

—A largely attended conference was held at Ryton by the North of England Temperance League.

—The first general meeting of the Durham Ratepayers' Association was held under the presidency of Mr. J. A. Longden, Official Receiver in Bankruptcy.

22.—In the Theatre of the Royal Jubilee Exhibition, Newcastle, a public meeting was held to inaugurate the adoption of what is known as the affiliation scheme of lectures in connection with Cambridge and Oxford Universities. The Marquis of Ripon presided, and Mr. John Morley, M.P., took part in the proceedings. Newcastle was the first provincial town thus practically to embrace the scheme.

23.—At Sunderland, a fortune-teller named Scrafton, of Hartlepool, and Eliza Foxall, a young married woman, were committed for trial, on the charge of conspiring to murder, under extraordinary circumstances, the husband of the latter, a barman, at Sunderland. Foxall and his wife had been living apart, but the woman returned to him, and the allegation was that Mrs. Scrafton supplied her with poison, which she administered to her husband. The man became ill, and medical evidence proved the presence of poison. In defence, it was pleaded that what was administered was merely a love charm, for the purpose of enabling Mrs. Foxall to regain the affection of her husband.

—The result of the ballot among the Northumberland miners, as to whether any portion of the funds of the Union should continue to be devoted to political purposes, was made known. (For the terms of the ballot-paper see September 6, page 386.) There voted in the affirmative, 3,387; and in the negative, 4,806.

24.—Mr. John Morley, M.P., and Mr. James Craig, M.P., addressed a meeting of their constituents in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—A meeting to promote the objects of the National Labour Federation was held in the Lower Central Hall, Newcastle, the chair being occupied by the Rev. W. Moore-Ede.

—The foundation stone of a new place of worship for the Methodist Free Church at High Southwick was laid by Miss Ethel Storey.

—The stall-holders in the Newcastle Corn Market passed a resolution expressing the desirability, unless the Corporation granted a reduction of rent, of vacating their stands on the 4th of October. On that date, twenty-eight of the tenants terminated the tenancy of their stands, but arranged to continue to hold them pending the further consideration of the question by the authorities. At a meeting of the City Council on the 12th of October, it was reported that the corn merchants offered £6 per annum free of rates, whereas they had been paying £9 a-year and rates. The Corporation offered to accept £8 per annum, but this the corn merchants deemed excessive, and offered to pay £7 if extra accommodation and conveniences were added to the Exchange. The Council ultimately referred the whole matter to the Finance Committee.

—The first of a course of twelve lectures to be delivered in connection with the Cambridge University Scheme was given by Mr. Arthur Berry, M.A., in the Institute of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle, the subject being "The Forces of Nature: An Exposition of the Conservation of Energy."

28.—News was received of the wreck, off Cape Finisterre, of the steamship Matthew Cay, of South Shields, accompanied by the loss of ten of the crew.

29.—A dividend of 10½ per cent. was declared at the annual meeting of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Company, Limited, and the shares of the company were converted into stock.

—The foundation stone of new Town Hall Buildings for Sunderland was laid by the Mayor (Mr. Edwin Richardson), on the Shrubbery site, Fawcett Street, in that town, the cost of the erection being estimated at £25,000.

—The foundation stone of a new bridge to cross the river Wear at Lambton was laid.

—Mr. Wilson, "psychographic medium," gave a select slate-writing seance in Newcastle, a spiritualist who was present declaring that the spirit of the venerable John Wesley was in the room.

30.—Mr. Thomas T. Clarke resigned his position as borough accountant and committee clerk of Tynemouth Corporation, after having been associated with that body for thirty-five years.

OCTOBER.

1.—A miner named Wilson Makepeace, aged 23 years, was so seriously injured through jumping from a train in

motion, at Whitburn Colliery, near South Shields, that he died a few hours afterwards; and his mother, a woman 61 years of age, received such a shock on hearing of the occurrence that she fell to the floor and expired.

—A new Wesleyan chapel was opened at Halton-le-Gate, near Haltwhistle, in Northumberland.

2.—All Saints' Church, Gosforth, the corner stone of which was laid on the 18th of June, 1886, was consecrated by the Bishop of Newcastle.

3.—The seventeenth session of the Newcastle College of Physical Science was inaugurated under the presidency of the Mayor, Sir B. C. Browne.

—The Gosforth Young Men's Institute and Reading Room, situated in High Street of that village, was opened by Mr. Richard Welford.

—The fifteenth annual conference of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants was opened in Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. P. S. MacIver, of Bristol, but formerly part proprietor of the *Newcastle Guardian*. The proceedings extended over four days.

—The trial of potato-raisers in connection with the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Newcastle took place at Gosforth.

4.—The winter session of the Newcastle College of Medicine was opened by an address, delivered amid much interruption, by Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell. As the result of the unseemly conduct of the students, three undergraduates were afterwards sentenced by the college authorities to expulsion, while nine others were suspended from attending any lectures for the space of six months. The students thus dealt with subsequently expressed regret for their conduct, and tendered apologies to Dr. Heath (president), and the other officials of the College, the Sheriff of Newcastle (who had also taken part in the proceedings), and to Sir Lowthian Bell. This action resulted in the withdrawal of the sentences and reinstatement of the offenders.

5.—The Corporation of Newcastle declined to negotiate with the Executive Council of the Exhibition for the purchase of any of the buildings connected with that undertaking, apart from the model dwelling, but referred to the Town Moor Management Committee the propriety of taking over any of the walks, shrubberies, or band-stands.

—The nineteenth annual Wesleyan Service of Song took place in the Town Hall, 1,051 singers taking part in the entertainment.

—A new Presbyterian Church of England, erected at a cost of £2,300, was opened at Wallsend.

—Sir John Swinburne, M.P., of Capheaton, sailed as one of a deputation from the Peace Association for New York.

6.—Miss Frances Mary Fitzherbert, eldest daughter of Captain Nicholls, Chief-Constable of Newcastle, was married, amid much rejoicing, to Lieutenant Robert George Strange, R.A.

7.—An amicable settlement was effected of the dispute with the joiners employed at the Elswick shipyard of Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., Limited.

—Having satisfied themselves as to the means of exit provided in the building proposed to be converted into a theatre in High Street, Gateshead, the magistrates of that borough granted the necessary license to the lessee, Mr. Frederick Jules Stein.

8.—The Bishop of Durham consecrated the newly-

erected church of All Saints at Langley Park, and the burial ground adjacent to it.

10.—A new building, to be occupied as a free library and newsroom, was opened at Middlesbrough.

—The joiners who had come out on strike from the Elswick shipyard of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., returned to work to-day, an amicable settlement of the dispute having been effected.

—The annual meetings of the Church of England Temperance Society were held in Newcastle, under the presidency of Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of the diocese.

—At an extraordinary meeting of the directors of the Durham Race Meeting, held in that city, it was officially announced that the University authorities declined to renew the lease of the race-course, which expires in September next. The directors, it was added, had earnestly endeavoured to obtain a renewal, but without success, and they were compelled to recommend a voluntary winding-up of the company. The report was adopted, and liquidators were appointed.

11.—A bricklayer, named Peter Toner, was remanded by the Gateshead county magistrates on a charge of having caused the death of Catherine Toner, his wife, 28 years of age. It appeared that on the 9th the prisoner had asked his wife for some money to get drink. As she refused, he struck her on the head with a poker, fracturing her skull, death resulting in about an hour afterwards. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against Toner.

12.—A banksman named James Appleby, aged fifty years, was killed by falling from the cage down the shaft at Eltringham Old Colliery, near Prudhoe.

—The Bishop of Durham opened a new mission hall and institute at Tudhoe Grange, Spennymoor.

—At a meeting of the Newcastle City Council, it was resolved that the remuneration to the Mayor for the current year be and is hereby increased by the sum of £1,030 8s. 4d., to meet the extraordinary expense incurred by the Mayor in making suitable arrangements for the reception of the Duke of Cambridge on his visit to Newcastle in the month of May last, and for the reception of the Prince of Wales on his visit to Newcastle in the month of July last.

—William and Robert Chapman, brothers, who are charged with fraud in connection with the Gateshead borough rates, were arrested in New York, pending the arrival of English detectives.

—New stores, erected at a cost of about £7,000, were opened by the Co-operative Industrial Society at Durham.

—Great fears were entertained about this time for the safety of her Majesty's ship *Wasp*, which was built at Elswick by Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co., and which sailed in May last for Hong Kong. The vessel, which should have reached her destination several weeks ago, and has not yet been heard of, was commanded by Captain Bryan John Husthwaite Adamson, son of Major Adamson, of Cullercoats.

13.—Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., the new Chancellor for Durham Palatine Court of Chancery, took his seat in court for the first time.

—The magnificent Northumbrian estate of Hesleyside, associated with the family of the Charltons for 800 years, and consisting of upwards of 20,000 acres, was offered for sale by auction, by Mr. M. Walton, of the firm of Walton and Lee, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, London. The

auctioneer expressed his belief that it was the largest English estate ever offered to public auction at the Mart—certainly it was the largest in the last twenty years. It was situated in the parishes of Bellingham, Greystead, and Wark, Northumberland, in the valley of the North Tyne. The noble family mansion was a most substantial structure, built of native freestone, in the early English style of architecture. The mansion, grounds, and park, with shooting over 13,000 acres, were let at the apporportioned rental of £1,040 per annum. The shooting over the remainder of 7,000 acres was now in hand. The whole estate produced an annual rental of over £5,000. The outgoings amounted to £9 17s. 2d. per annum for land tax, and £5 7s. 7d. for tithe on lands in hand. Offers for the property having been invited, the first bid was £80,000, followed by others for £85,000, £90,000, £95,000, £96,000, £97,000, £98,000, and £100,000. The two next offers were £102,500 and £105,000, followed by others of £106,000, £107,000, and £110,000. The biddings then increased by £1,000 each to £119,000, at which the property was withdrawn, the auctioneer pointing out that to pay 4 per cent. it was worth £125,000. The last bid was offered by Mr. Jacob Wilson.

—Several persons were seized with illness after partaking of a wedding cake at Jarrow, and an investigation into the affair was instituted by the police.

14.—The sawmill of Messrs. Watson and Ferguson, at Dunston, was destroyed by fire.

15.—The Bishop of Durham opened a new Lecture Hall and Workmen's Institute at Ouston, near Birtley.

General Occurrences.

SEPTEMBER.

16.—A terrible accident occurred near Doncaster Railway Station, when about 25 persons were killed and about 40 injured. A Midland train, laden with excursionists, was run into by a Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company's ordinary train, and completely wrecked. Inquests were afterwards held, the evidence disclosing culpable neglect on the part of the driver and fireman of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire train, who were committed for trial for manslaughter.

23.—Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., was prosecuted for delivering, at Mitchelstown, on the 9th and 11th of August, speeches which were alleged to incite to resistance of sheriffs and bailiffs. The court sentenced Mr. O'Brien to three calendar months' imprisonment. Right of appeal being admitted, the defendant was liberated on bail.

24.—An officer of the French army and his servant, while in pursuit of game on the Franco-German frontier, were fired on by German forest guards, who supposed they were poachers, the servant being killed and the officer wounded. Although the matter appeared very serious for a time, it was eventually settled amicably by the Governments of France and Germany.

25.—A serious disturbance occurred at Fermoy, Ireland, between the police and civilians, many persons being injured.

27.—An International Shorthand Congress was held in

London, being attended by representatives of the stenographic art from all parts of the United Kingdom, and from some Continental countries. The Earl of Rosebery presided. Many papers on shorthand were read, and amongst the contributors was Mr. Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography.

—The first race for the America Cup, between the American yacht Volunteer and the British yacht Thistle, took place near New York. The Thistle was hopelessly beaten, and in a second race the following day she met the same fate. The greatest interest was taken in the event on both sides of the Atlantic.

OCTOBER.

1.—A terrible tragedy occurred at Cretingham, Suffolk. The Rev. William Meynott Farley, vicar, 73 years of age, was murdered by his curate, the Rev. Arthur Cooper, who, in the presence of Mrs. Farley, deliberately cut his throat from ear to ear. A coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against the curate.

2.—Two Englishmen who had been captured by brigands at Smyrna were released on payment of a ransom of £750.

6.—The Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., and Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., were summoned under the Crimes Act for having, in the *Nation* and *United Ireland*, respectively, published reports of the meetings of the suppressed National League, with the view of promoting the objects of the organisation. The representatives of the Government were unable to prove their case, and the prosecution collapsed.

9.—The elections to the Bulgarian Sobranje resulted in favour of the Government of Prince Ferdinand.

11.—An important conference of miners' delegates from England, Scotland, and Wales was held in Edinburgh, for the purpose of considering the question of the limitation of the output of coal and other matters. Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., presided. The conference adopted a series of resolutions, which were to be submitted for the approval of the miners of the country.

12.—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain paid a visit to Ulster, where he delivered political speeches.

—Death of Mrs. Craik, formerly Miss Mulock, authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and other popular novels. She was 61 years of age.

—News received from Capetown that Lady Brassey, authoress of "Voyage in the Sunbeam," had died at sea, from fever. At the time of her death the yacht Sunbeam was seven days' sail from Port Darwin, about a thousand miles, and the remains of the deceased lady were, therefore, committed to the deep.

—Verdicts of wilful murder were brought by a coroner's jury, sitting at Mitchelstown, Ireland, against County Inspector Brownrigg and five constables, in connection with the disturbances at that place.

13.—General Boulanger, of the French army, was arrested by order of General Ferron, Minister of War. It had been discovered that General Caffarel, who occupied a post at the Ministry of War, had been selling the decoration of the Legion of Honour, and General Boulanger had made some strong remarks on the subject, reflecting on General Ferron.